PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

FEB 24 1937

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIII. No. 312 (New Series) SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 229
GERONTOCRACY 232
BOMBS IN PORTUGAL 233
BOY PRISONERS. By Basil L. Q. Henriques . . . 234
A LONDON DIARY 235
THIS ENGLAND 236
WE IN DURAND GARDENS. By Y. Y. 236
ELECTRIC FISHES. By E. G. Boulenger 237
CORRESPONDENCE 238
From Justin Tremayne; Bernard Adler; Marxist; University Lecturer; Margery Fry; Anne Protheroe Jones; Ethel Mannin; E. G. Hemmerde, K.C.; Charlotte Haldane, S. J. Cook and others; Pamela Hansford Johnson; Stephen Hobhouse; Anglo-Palestinian; R. Burn.
CHEKHOV AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE. By Desmond MacCarthy 241
PUSHKIN. By Vladimir Nagorny 242
MUSIC AND PAINTING. By W. J. Turner . . . 243
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 244
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett 246
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 248
Poe. By G. W. Stonier 250
Nature or Dumas. By K. John 251
The "Last Post" of Orthodoxy. By Richard Terrell 252
Our Civil Service. By Richard Church . . 254
The Best Short Stories, 1561–1604. By John Hayward 256
Friendship the Test of Religion. By Robert Waller 258
"Three Worlds at Once I View." By Ronald Lewin 258
SHORTER NOTICES 260
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 262
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 264
CROSSWORD 266
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador 268

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE news from Spain is the grimmest we have had for many weeks. The loss of Malaga is a disaster of the first magnitude to the Government. Malaga is exceedingly valuable as a port and air-base, and its capture by the rebels has opened the way to a further advance up the Mediterranean coast. Already the main road between Madrid and Valencia has been cut, and Franco will now aim at rectifying his earlier error of strategy by an encirclement of the city. Barcelona has been under bombardment from the sea, where the fleets of the insurgents and their Fascist allies hold the mastery. According to the Government reports the army which entered Malaga included many Italian soldiers, and was even more amply equipped than usual with German and Italian material, whilst operations were assisted from the sea by foreign warships. There seems to have been little serious attempt at defence, though the casualties on the Government side are said to have been very heavy. Heavier still, we fear, will be the slaughter of prisoners after such summary trial as their captors may give them.

The "Non-Intervention" Farce

In this critical state of affairs the Valencia Government is again appealing for unity among the defenders of the Republic, and reiterating its protests against the lavish and open support which the Republic's enemies continue to receive from Italy and Germany. Meanwhile the tragic farce of the Non-Intervention Committee drags on in London. No honest man, even if he is no partisan of the Left, can view the proceedings of this body with anything but disgust and despair. At its meeting on Wednesday Portugal refused to agree to any control of her frontiers. Then followed dissensions over control by sea. Germany and Italy, supported by Britain, want the coast supervised in sectional areas by British, French, German and Italian ships; Russia, backed by France, argues—rightly as we think—for unified control by a mixed fleet. The discussion was eventually adjourned, and the Committee is meeting again as we write. Nobody believes that the Fascist Powers will accept any plan which would really prevent them from carrying out their avowed aim of destroying the Spanish Republic and establishing themselves as the guardians and exploiters of a new tyranny. For this—and for the mischiefs that may be expected to follow from it—the policy of the British Government will bear a heavy responsibility.

Germany and Her Creditors

In the current negotiations in Berlin for the renewal of the bankers' "standstill" agreement, the German representatives are strongly opposing the British demand that capital repayments, virtually in abeyance since 1934, should be resumed. However little sympathy may be felt for the London banks and finance houses who allowed their injudiciously large advances to Berlin to become "frozen" in 1931, the German attitude in this matter is one of bare-faced effrontery. Over £40,000,000 owed to London out of an original indebtedness of £65,000,000 is still unrepaid. Last year (exclusive of "invisible" items) Germany had an export surplus of RM. 550,000,000. She has been quietly amortising much of her long-term foreign debt by re-purchasing at heavy discounts German bonds dealt in on bourses abroad. Over £20,000,000 of foreign securities and other assets held by her citizens have lately been "nationalised." Despite the recent abnormal imports of non-ferrous metals and other materials required for their gigantic rearmament programme, the German authorities could easily command sufficient foreign exchange resources to repay the "frozen" London short-term credits at the rate of at least £10,000,000 a year. The reason for Germany's quite insincere *non possumus* is that this borrowed mass of "free" foreign exchange constitutes a vital part of her sinews of "war-preparedness." Even gradual repayment would mean *pro tanto* curtailment of imports of munitions materials. If Dr. Schacht persists in his refusal to resume liquidation of these debts, the appropriate action for the British Government is to block German assets in London. Public interest, and not merely that of the defrauded bankers, demands this step.

Danzig Nazified

Enfranchised for terrorism by the League Council's surrender, and with no new High Commissioner even in residence as an impotent "observer," the Nazis have promptly proceeded with the *Gleichgeschaltung* of Danzig. Dr. Stachnik and other leaders of the Catholic Centre Party have been flung into gaol, thus completing the imprisonment of all the Opposition party leaders. All Jews in official posts have been dismissed, and the teaching of Polish in schools has been forbidden. Finally, the Senate has passed a decree providing that any Deputy who is unable to attend the Diet shall be deprived of his seat. By the simple process of imprisonment without trial, a purge of "absentee" Deputies becomes child's play; and the Nazis can now secure in the Senate the two-thirds majority, which they would not get through the polls, required to remodel the Free City's constitution. Well may Poland, as is reported, be viewing the situation with anxiety! But Polish anxiety is scarcely likely to equal that of the 200,000 non-Nazis in Danzig left by the League without a single safeguard. We hope Mr. Eden and Colonel Beck are proud of their handiwork.

Mr. Runciman Returns

Mr. Runciman, back in England, was heckled this week about his trade conversations in the United States and also about his attitude to the tariff conference, which has been summoned by the Dutch Government, and will be attended by all the Scandinavian States which are parties to the Oslo Agreement for economic co-operation. About his American visit Mr. Runciman had nothing of substance to say. His own conversations had not advanced beyond the exploratory stage, but further discussions were actually in progress. In this connection it should be noted that President Roosevelt has secured from Congress a renewal of his powers to enter into trade agreements modifying the American tariff. As for the forthcoming Dutch-Scandinavian Conference, Mr. Runciman was entirely non-committal, and did not appear much interested. The British attitude to this and other moves in the direction of freer international trade is, however, vital. If Great Britain continues to insist on the Most Favoured Nation Clause in its unqualified form, all attempts by the Scandinavian or other countries to lower trade barriers by bilateral or multilateral agreements will be as absolutely blocked as was the Ouchy Convention a few years ago. The right policy is not to abandon M.F.N., but to agree that it shall not stand in the way of tariff reductions between particular countries by mutual agreement, provided that such agreements are open for any country to enter if it accepts their terms. M.F.N., in its present form, is simply evaded by means of quotas, to which it does not apply. But the National Government, while professedly anxious for other countries to lower their tariffs, has shown so far no sign of any readiness to make substantial concessions in return.

The Gresford Report

The Gresford Colliery Inquiry, arising out of a disaster in which 267 men lost their lives, has ended with an unsatisfactory verdict of "not proven." This has happened because, in view of the sealing up of the pit district in which the explosion occurred, it is impossible to get conclusive evidence of the cause of the disaster; and Sir Henry Walker is unable to go beyond expressing his "grave suspicion." He does, however, make it plain that he considers grave blame to attach to those responsible for the management of the pit, and that numerous safety rules were systematically disregarded and workings opened up without reasonable precautions to ensure adequate ventilation. In respect of the breaches of rule, he attaches some blame to the miners for connivance in the illegal practices and for failure to make use of the North Wales Mineworkers' Union as a vehicle for their grievances. He points out that many of the miners did not belong to the Union, but urges that those who did ought to have made use of it. This view of the situation seems to take quite inadequate account of very low earnings and fear of victimisation in a period of industrial depression; and Sir Henry's attitude to the men seems inconsistent with his exculpation of the under-manager, whom he excuses for not insisting on fuller precautions on the score of his being newly employed and badly overworked. Surely it is unreasonable to put the responsibility for observance of the law upon men liable to discharge if they complain. It is the State's business to enforce the laws it has made; and the State would be wise, as a means to this, to give managers and under-managers responsibility to the State, and security against removal for doing their duty. Mr. Joseph Jones, in his separate report, rightly urges that inquiries of this sort ought to be conducted, not by the regular Mine Inspectorate, whose conduct may be in question, but by a judicial authority. The other assessor, Mr. Brass,

opposes most of Sir Henry Walker's conclusions and proposals for reform, and recommends only minor technical amendments in the rules.

"P. T."

The Government's plans for making us an A1 nation were debated in the House of Commons this week. There is, of course, no opposition in principle to the belated discovery that we have lagged behind other countries, and particularly the dictatorships, in our zeal for physical fitness. No compulsion is to be applied, and the scheme is not militaristic in purpose—though doubtless it has occurred to our rulers that, in the event of war, the less C3's we have, the better. Criticism is directed to details. Some are a little dubious about the elaborate system of councils and committees that is being set up to manage physical training. Others would like to see the encouragement of games, or walking, or what not, in preference to organised "jerks." And what about the urgent problem of nutrition? (An admirable sixpenny pamphlet on this, by the way, has just appeared—*Nutrition*, by Mrs. Barbara Drake, with an introduction by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., published by the New Fabian Research Bureau and Victor Gollancz). We do not suggest that nothing should be done until everyone is properly fed. But it must be perfectly clear that physical exercises are not a substitute for food and that they may be positively harmful to the undernourished. Mr. Lees-Smith brought out two points. The first was that what many of the active manual workers want in their leisure time is rest and fresh air rather than violent exercise. The second was the importance of keeping children out of industry till they have developed their physique. It is deplorable that the new Factories Bill does not raise the legal age of entry into factory employment, and that it fixes the hours of employed juveniles at 48 per week instead of 40 or less.

The Divorce Law

Mr. A. P. Herbert has succeeded in piloting his Marriage Bill through Committee, and it has now been reported to the House for third reading. In the existing state of parliamentary opinion on social issues, the achievement in itself merits congratulations; but the price paid for the Bill's passage has been heavy. Apart from the tribute originally levied by theological prejudice—the time limit within which no marriage can be dissolved—the opponents of rational divorce have succeeded in annulling the provisions whereby incurable drunkenness and imprisonment for life under a commuted death sentence were to be grounds for dissolution of marriage. Still more serious, the sponsors of the Bill were compelled at the last moment to accept an amendment which appears not merely to contemplate a great extension of activity by the King's Proctor's department, but actually to place on petitioners for divorce the onus of proving that they are not acting in collusion or agreement with the respondent. Until Parliament can be induced to admit that the cases in which divorce is most justifiable are precisely those in which both parties desire it, no rational solution of this problem can be found. The Marriage Bill, thus "episcopated," will no doubt secure its third reading; but it remains to be seen how much of the measure will be left when the bishops in the Upper House have done their worst to it.

The M.R. Manifesto

The Municipal Reformers have now issued their manifesto in readiness for the L.C.C. election. On the surface they appear to be advocating in less specific terms many of the same things as the Labour Party; for there are in fact a number of measures which the Council will be bound to carry out, whatever party may be in power. The M.R.s claim the "Green Belt" as their invention, which they were prevented from applying practically only by the "need for national economy" in 1931. They profess their zeal for housing and slum clearance, and quote against the achievements of the Labour Party during the past three years their own achievement, not in the previous three years, but before 1931—when, of course, the conditions of State assistance were entirely different. This comparison enables them to pass over in silence the meagreness of their own record of slum-clearance and re-housing. The Labour Party in less than three years has re-housed 50 per cent. more slum-dwellers than the M.R.s did in all the fifteen years of their tenure of power. Where the manifestoes clash most obviously is in respect of Public Assistance and finance. The M.R.s acclaim the co-operation of voluntary bodies and the need for a flexible system—which means a Means Test applied largely on the advice of the C.O.S. and similar bodies. In respect of finance, they stress the increase in rates, without drawing attention to the decrease in rateable values which, as we pointed out last week, has a good deal to do with it. Finally, the M.R.s attempt to make capital out of their own patriotic willingness to collaborate with the Government in air defence, cadet corps and physical training, and out of the fact that the Communists are supporting Mr. Morrison against his will.

Open Letter to Oxford

Sir Arthur Salter has issued his election address for the University by-election in the form of a pamphlet. He pledges himself not to accept the whip of any party; and argues, quite rightly, that if anything could justify University representation in Parliament, it would be the return of men holding a really independent position. He is strongly for collective security based on a preponderance of strength in the hands of the Powers loyal to the League system—but no less strongly against pretending that the League can be relied upon to-day. He is prepared to support some rearmament—but only on condition that the Government shall commit itself unequivocally to join with other peace-loving countries in the defence of peace. He is against wholesale nationalisation, but wants a considerable extension of public utility concerns and a larger degree of State control over private industry. On social policy his endorsement of the programme of the Next Five Years' Group presumably indicates his attitude. Sir Arthur Salter on this occasion can be sure of the practically solid support of both Labour and Liberal electors—though the Labour Party will certainly run a candidate at the next General Election. His chances depend on his attracting progressive Conservatives and non-party voters. We hope the Oxford electorate will rise to the occasion; Sir Arthur Salter, Independent, will add much-needed strength to the Opposition.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d. ; Foreign,* 1½*d. ; Canada,* 1*d.*

GERONTOCRACY

DURING the long period of conservative rule that lay between President Wilson's term of power and that of Mr. Roosevelt, a student of American affairs might well have doubted the possibility in this Republic of any constructive political change. *Laisser faire* was more than a doctrine and a prejudice; it was embedded in the Constitution. None of the reforms had been introduced which have given a measure of security and some guaranteed minimum standard of life to the workers in Europe; indeed, it seemed hardly thinkable that they should be introduced. In various ways, some of them ingenious and some highly objectionable, society did seek to attain some of the same ends without resorting to political action. Cities collected for relief purposes their charitable "checks" by methods that closely resembled taxation, and employers exacted levies from their staffs by similar means. Highly organised trades in effect legislated for their members by similar social coercion. Violently opposed to any State interference with industry, Americans would none the less endure an astonishing amount of regulation, provided it was imposed by some nominally voluntary agency. These substitutes for social legislation were necessary, because the normal European method by political action had become unworkable. The original Constitution was a system of checks and balances intricate enough to render political change inordinately difficult. The two Houses of Congress and the Executive, elected at different times, were made to frustrate one another. But the chief obstacle was the rigid doctrine of State rights, which in effect left the Federal Legislature helpless, however imperative the need might be for some national control and regulation of industry. The States in their turn could do little, for the more advanced feared the competition of the less advanced. As the guardian of this frozen impotence stood the Supreme Court, the interpreters of the Constitution. Occasionally a great liberal judge entered it, a Holmes or a Brandeis, but a steady conservative majority always stood for *laisser faire* and the stiffest reading of the rights of property. This Republic, under this institution, could not by political action modify its own social structure. Nine old men stood in the way. This democracy was a gerontocracy.

Mr. Roosevelt has done many daring things. It was an audacity to challenge *laisser faire*. It was bold to attempt the planning of agricultural production by Act of Congress. But to assail the Supremacy of the Supreme Court, as he now seeks to do, is to carry daring to the verge of rashness. For this Court is the most sacred institution of American life. Lawyers may question its decisions on technical grounds, and journalists may timidly echo their debates. But, save among "radicals" (a word almost equivalent to "outlaw"), no one dares to hint that the Supreme Court is simply the tool and weapon of "Big Business." It is not criticised and attacked as our own House of Lords was, even in Victorian times. In public, at least, it continued to enjoy this immunity even while it was shattering the whole fabric of the New Deal. In one evidently hasty utterance Mr. Roosevelt risked an irritated comment on the destruction of his work, and thereafter preserved, even in his presidential campaign, unbroken silence. A foreign observer could feel this sense of sanctity, though he might not fathom it. For the votes of the Court disposed of the comfortable illusion that these aged men are disinterested experts who infallibly apply to current questions a recognised body of scientific doctrine. They usually voted four against five. Clearly there was here none of the certainty and inevitability of science. The Court had become, as the President puts it, in effect a Third Chamber, which claimed to override the other two. But the other two are elected. This supreme Third Chamber is nominated, and carries on into to-day the influence of dead and vanished Presidents. Coolidge and Hoover are gone, but they can still veto Roosevelt.

Even this bold man was compelled to act warily. It would be folly to talk of "ending or mending" the Supreme Court. It is, after all, an indispensable institution; a written Constitution calls for an interpreter. There were several possible ways of escape: some authorities suggested an adaptation of our own Parliament Act, some device by which Congress might, after a period of delay, reaffirm an Act which the Court had found unconstitutional. The more usual proposal was to amend the Constitution, so as to give Congress the express right to regulate the economic life of the United States. Several forms of words, suitably wide and sweeping, had been proposed, but the wider they were, the more certain was it that they in turn could be "interpreted" by this Court, as Property might see fit. In fact, the amendments to the Constitution have suffered more severely from this process than its original fabric. At best several years, probably many years, would elapse before such an amendment could be carried, and obstruction in the more backward States might easily defeat it altogether. In the meanwhile nothing could be done to further Mr. Roosevelt's social programme. He wisely rejected this way of escape, though it may still be attempted in the future, and it is arguable that it ought to be attempted.

The President has chosen the simple way round the difficulty. To use crude language, he proposes to "pack" the Court, but with much tact he has avoided crudity. The composition of the Court is fixed, happily, by Congress and not by the sacrosanct Constitution. It is, therefore, easy to increase its numbers and swamp the Conservatives with new and presumably liberal judges—the process, on a small scale, which Mr. Asquith threatened to apply to the Lords. That sounds rougher than it is, for Mr. Roosevelt has draped his bludgeon at least plausibly. It is only one detail in a necessary scheme of reform. The work of the Federal Courts in general is heavily in arrears—in some of them by several years. The Supreme Court is itself so overworked that it dismisses 85 per cent. of the appeals sent up to it without a hearing. There is, moreover, no provision by which the Administration can always plead before a Federal Court to defend its policies. Finally, these overworked judges are for the most part aged gentlemen of over seventy. The President fixes no age for retirement, but in this context his proposal to balance every septuagenarian by a younger additional judge seems to come as a measure of humanity and mercy. The thing could hardly have been done with greater skill or suavity. None the less, the plain fact protrudes through all this politeness that the President means to create new liberal judges and to turn his minority of three or four into a majority of nine or ten. That is a bold proposal and even in this overwhelmingly Democratic Congress it may not have a smooth passage.

When it passes, as we assume it must, the road will be open, for some years, to liberal legislation. It may happen in time to save the Wagner Act, a fairly comprehensive charter of Labour's rights, more particularly in the matters of collective bargaining. It should also save from destruction the first sketches of social insurance, unsatisfactory though they are. The President's more recent policies—his enlargement of the permanent Civil Service, and his vast projects for planned water control and the battle against soil erosion—seem in less danger from the Court. May we now look forward in this Republic to a smooth liberal evolution? Some students of American life will ask anxiously whether Big Business, if it loses for some years the support of the Supreme Court, will then turn more systematically than it has yet done to violence and to some form of Fascism. Let us hope that America's imitation of Europe will be more selective.

BOMBS IN PORTUGAL

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE recent bomb explosions in Portugal were an isolated event; isolated in time, that is, and confined to Lisbon. There has been no effort to follow them up by a rising in any other part of the country; and the Government, which appears to have been taken completely by surprise, will now be able to take precautions against further happenings. What, then, was the point of the plot which at first sight seems to strengthen rather than weaken the position of the Government, and who was responsible? It is clear from the places chosen to plant the bombs that it was directed as much against the Spanish rebels as against Salazar.

The Burgos Junta had bought practically all the programme time of the privately owned Radio-Club Portugués for their propaganda, and were organising volunteer food and ambulance trains through it. The Casa da Espanha was their central office in Lisbon; and the Left here allege that the Government powder factory at Barcarena and the Vacuum Oil Company were also sending supplies to Franco. On the face of it, then, the affair was a sort of general anti-Fascist protest, and a partly successful attempt at sabotage. The Government has hastened to announce that the attempt "bears the mark of Moscow," and cynics say that it was much too efficiently organised and timed to be of Portuguese origin. But, as the authorities themselves admit, any foreign elements must have been largely aided and abetted by "evil Portuguese" (*maus portugueses*), since the placing of the bombs in the Ministries demanded local knowledge which a foreigner could not be expected to have. It is, however, a good patriotic move to put the blame publicly on foreigners, so as to keep up the pretence that the dictatorship in Portugal is so popular that no Portuguese would attempt to upset it.

What is the real position? A year ago most impartial observers felt that Salazar's position was unassailable, and that even had he held free elections he would have had a majority in the country at large, if not in Lisbon and Oporto. It was true that all criticism in the press was prohibited, that university and other teachers had been dismissed or forced into exile for political reasons, and that even those old Republicans who were not intriguing against the regime were constantly being chivvied and worried by the secret police. True, too, that trade unions had been "corporatised" and free collective bargaining suppressed. But these things only affected the politically minded and the urban proletariat; the majority of the population are illiterate peasants who know and care nothing about politics.

The dictatorship, moreover, had shown itself "benevolent." It had promoted public works and town planning, had taken measures against rural unemployment, had greatly improved communications, and was at work on the preliminary stages of a big land-drainage scheme. The financial administration had been overhauled, the floating debt extinguished, and at a time when almost every budget in the world was unbalanced, Salazar could point to a series of real budget surpluses. Short of a fundamental change in the social structure, the Government has done much for the country, and certainly more than the old rotativist parliamentarians had done.

But when this has been said, the condition of the masses is little better than it was ten, or a hundred, years ago. Poverty in the rural districts is grinding; the average agricultural wage is less than a shilling a day, with bread about the same price as it is in England. Methods are primitive, and crop yields the lowest in Europe. In the north, the peasants suffer from too great a subdivision of holdings; south of the Tagus there are huge latifundia, which need to be broken up, and much land which with irrigation and drainage could be made to support a far larger population. The Government realises this; but vested interests are strong, and progress slow. Lisbon and Oporto, though they have been improved much of recent years, have dreadful slums. Taxation is heavy, and far too much of it is indirect. Too much money has been and is being spent on armaments. Though a number of schools have been built, the problem of illiteracy has been barely scratched. Portugal remains a backward country; far more backward, it would seem, than Russia, Salazar's *bête noire*.

Moreover, Salazar, who seems to have been genuinely unwilling to assume power, has in course of time come to think himself indispensable. He is a strange figure to hold power in Portugal. Devout (his enemies call him "the Jesuit"), ascetic, laborious, where the average Portuguese bourgeois is lax or atheistical, sensual and indolent, he lives like a semi-recluse and makes few public appearances in a country which loves pomp and show. The average Portuguese politician is nothing if not an orator; Salazar's speeches and memoranda are tedious, badly constructed, and obscure in the worst academic manner. He has all the traditional obstinacy, tenacity, and honesty of the peasant; he has no spark of originality, and his Estado Novo is but an unimaginative version of Mussolini's Corporative State, tempered by the financial rectitude of a Philip Snowden.

The last year has seen several bad blunders. The least of them was to decree that the crucifix should be hung in all State schools, thus giving the anti-clericals a grievance. The "wheat campaign," intended to make Portugal self-sufficing, was so badly miscalculated that immense over-production took place, and since the demand for bread was inelastic, and costs of production twice the world costs, the surplus has had to be sold abroad at a loss. (Some of it has gone to Franco.) True, this was due in part to a series of exceptional harvests; but provision ought to have been made for storage, and measures taken to stimulate consumption. Instead, the price of bread has throughout been artificially maintained at the expense of the urban population, while the profits in the earlier stages of the scheme went mostly into the pockets of the rich landowners of the Alentejo.

But the worst blunder, as events are proving, is over Spain. It was only natural that Salazar, devout Catholic that he is, should sympathise with the Spanish Right, and ignorant as he is of the world outside Portugal, should accept at their face value the atrocity stories which were spread about the "reds." Natural perhaps also, that he should permit his newspapers to carry on a campaign against a friendly Government, from the time the Frente Popular came to office, and do all he could to suppress any clandestine movement towards a Portuguese Frente Popular against his domination. A government, of whatever colour, always does its best to defend itself. But a wiser man in Salazar's position would have seen that he had everything to gain by the strictest neutrality; that the Spanish Government was far too busy with its own problems to interfere with Portugal; and that the British would have been ready to guarantee Portugal against any attacks from without. Instead, the rebels were allowed to hatch their plot in the Estoril sun, and ever since the war started they have been

receiving food, cloth and other supplies from over the frontier.

The general belief that they have received masses of war material lacks foundation. Franco was expected to win at once ; had he done so the opposition would have been silenced once and for all, and Portugal might, if Franco had felt generous, have recovered her *terra irridenta*, the district of Olivença, which was taken from her in 1815. As it is, the war in Spain goes on ; Salazar has made himself unpopular with the British and French, and is being driven into the arms of Germany and Italy, both of them possible aspirants to the Portuguese colonies, and both extremely unpopular with the Portuguese people, which is linked culturally to France, and politically to Britain. (At the time of the Abyssinian war, Mussolini's picture was hissed in more than one Lisbon cinema.) Towards the end of 1936, there were signs that the mistake had been realised. The Foreign Minister, Armindo Monteiro, had been removed and made Ambassador in London; the press campaign had shown signs of weariness, and there had been manifested rather more willingness to co-operate in non-intervention. But the bomb episode, the fruit of a mistaken policy, is only too likely to confirm persistence in it, and to make Salazar more intransigent.

Instead of taking warning from the July mutiny, and making concessions to the Centre, the Government has moved more towards the Right. People dare not open their mouths in Lisbon cafés for fear of the secret police ; for the slightest whisper of criticism has sent people to jail. At a time when, owing to the bad winter of 1935–36, the prices of wine and olive oil have risen to unprecedented heights, the Government has cut the salaries of all local government staffs, and failed to restore the army pay cuts. It has started a *Portuguese Legion* and a *Portuguese Youth Movement* in obvious imitation of Germany and Italy, and without any basis of popular enthusiasm. The censorship has been intensified. In short, its policy has been a policy of panic. If the Spanish Government wins, Salazar's fate is certain ; even if Franco wins, his position will be far from secure.

BOY PRISONERS

THE first real error in our penal system, out of which grows the confirmed "lag," is the fact that benches commit boys to prison with inadequate information about their history and background. These prison sentences are the ruin of youthful offenders. Under the present system, there is nothing to be said in their favour. To have become an ex-prisoner under the age of twenty-one means that a boy has tasted what has always been his most dreaded fear, and what is found on experience to be not so dreadful after all. The loss of freedom is a punishment. Apart from that, the routine of prison life may be monotonous ; the food may not be appetising, though regular and adequate ; the work may be dull but requiring no undue physical exertion. The worst part of a prison sentence both from the point of view of the prisoner and especially from that of those who are keen on his reform, are the long hours of solitary confinement in the cells for youths who are by nature, during adolescence, not only bursting with physical energy, but also filled with a desire for association with others of the same age. A boy leaves prison, rejoicing once more in his freedom, disliking prison, but with far less dread of returning to it than he had for it before he ever entered its gates.

If, then, a prison sentence is looked upon as a punishment that is going to deter a boy from further crime, it completely fails in its purpose. If it is meant to be reformative, the failure is no less great, for it is absurd to think it possible to change the character of a youth between the ages of 17 and 21, when he is almost becoming set in his outlook on life, in even six months of the abnormal conditions of prison. Only a fool can imagine a change in a shorter period, and yet in 1933, 2,253 youths were sent to prison, and of these 34 per cent. had never before been convicted of any offence. But worse still, of these 2,253 boys, 333 served sentences of seven days or less, and 858 sentences of eight to 28 days. Such sentences as these do one thing only. They manufacture criminals.

In dealing with the disposal of the young prisoner, the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Committee has before it the following reports on various aspects of the lad. There are the summaries of the impressions formed of the boy's character, first by the Governor and secondly by the Chaplain when he first comes before them on entering prison. Either or both of them may have obtained some information as to what caused him to commit the offence. There are also answers to printed forms sent to the schoolmaster, asking about the boy's character, associates, intelligence, and home environment whilst he was in school ; his employers, giving information about his industry, intelligence and character whilst at work, and stating whether he can be re-employed in his old firm ; and the parents, as to what he was like at home, who were his associates, what they consider to be the cause of his trouble, and whether they are prepared to have him home again and can find him work. If the lad has been on probation there is a report from the probation officer ; and if he is an old boy from an approved school there is a form giving a most detailed account of his behaviour there and his conduct since leaving. The police report gives his previous convictions, and what is very often an excellent account of his home environment and industrial history. There is also the medical officer's report, and not least important the report of the lady visitor.

With all this information it ought to be easy to know how to help the boy when he leaves prison. As a matter of fact, the very contrary is the truth. Before he appears before the committee, each boy has filled in a form asking him three questions : Where are you going to on your discharge ? Have you employment ? How can we help you ? About 15 per cent. have no homes to which they can return. This figure would be much higher if it included the number of homes to which it is most undesirable for the boys to return, and where obviously they have not got the smallest chance of making good. About 25 per cent. say that they think that they will have work found for them through some vague friend. The truer figure of those who actually have work waiting for them is probably 10 per cent. Nearly every boy answers the last question, as to the kind of help he would like, with a request for two week's board and lodging money and some clothing.

The problem, therefore, is how to rehabilitate these boys when they have no home, no work, no money, no character, and worst of all, in the vast majority of cases, no trade. It is a cruel, and almost hopeless situation. Yet the greatest snag is still to be told. The aim of the committee is to provide accommodation, supervision and employment for each prisoner. As regards supervision, efforts are made to get some local social worker to take an interest in the lad. With regard to accommodation, where the boy has no home or one which is deemed undesirable, the help of one of the voluntary hostels is sought, or efforts made to send him to sea or on a farm. With regard to work, no stone is left unturned by the agent to persuade employers to give these lame dogs a chance.

How splendid all this sounds ! And so it would be, if it were not that there is the boy's own attitude to his future to be considered. No matter what plans may be made for his welfare, no power under the sun can make him carry out one single thing that has been arranged for him. The moment he is outside the prison gate he is at liberty to do exactly what he likes and to refuse to fall in with any of the arrangements made. And the lads most prone to do this are precisely those who most need guidance, who most stand in need of care, protection and discipline. This fact in itself is sufficient to damn the system of sending boys to prison.

Yet there does exist a type of boy who may need a period of detention in the form of punishment, both as a protection for society and as a deterrent to others and, furthermore, as a deterrent for himself. They are those who come from decent homes and who commit crimes of mischief and adventure, as might be expected from healthy adolescent youths who

have no outlet for their high spirits in the way of open spaces or organised sports. Such, for example, are those who take away cars without the owner's permission, or even certain types of house-breakers. Very often such lads are not criminals at all. They are just thoroughly and irritatingly mischievous. They must be punished, but not in a prison, and they must be supervised, at any rate for a period, to be quite sure that they are able to be sufficiently self-disciplined to behave properly after their punishment, and to determine whether it may not be necessary to give them a proper training in a Borstal institution. There needs to be established at once places of detention where young persons can be sent for the first, second or third month of their probation. Put in another way, a short sentence in a place of detention may be desirable so long as it is followed by supervision by a probation officer. Such places must not be called prisons, even if the life in them resembles that of prison life. No one under the age of 21 must know what a prison sentence is. The routine of these places should be so strict and so strenuous that the boys will leave them determined never to return, and furthermore determined to pass on to their friends the information of what is likely to be the unpleasant consequences of committing crimes.

At present, Section 10 of the Criminal Justices Administration Act, which defines which boys are eligible for a Borstal training, presents great difficulties, for a boy is ineligible unless he has a previous conviction or a previous breach of probation, and there is no conviction recorded when a boy is put on probation by a summary court. Thus if a boy is placed on probation and commits a second offence for which he receives a sentence of one day or more, he is still ineligible for Borstal, even when he is summoned for breach of probation, for he can only be punished for the offence for which he was first put on probation, and there was at that time no previous conviction recorded against him. Fresh legislation is required immediately, simplifying this section of the Act.

In conclusion, let it be said that probation can be graded. If ordinary probation is failing, the boy can be brought back to court to have the conditions tightened up. It is possible so to tighten the conditions that probation becomes not only a non-institutional training under the guidance of a probation officer, but also even a punishment. If in the end this fails, and the boy under the present unsatisfactory state of the law is still ineligible for Borstal, then the general public, and particularly employers and social workers interested in the welfare of boys, must be ready to assist the boy after he has served a sentence, which, without their help, may end in his complete and utter ruin.

BASIL L. Q. HENRIQUES

A LONDON DIARY

WHEREVER you go in London now you see the London of 1700, 1800, and even 1900 being pulled down and the London of 1937 being built in its place. I have no objection to the present and the future superseding the past in architecture or anything else; the cycle of death and birth is so inevitable that it is silly and presumptuous to regard it as a vicious cycle. But if old buildings have to die and new ones have to be born, there is no reason why the newly born should be bastard, feeble-minded, or inane. All these adjectives seem to me applicable to nine-tenths of the rebuilding of London. Let me give an instance. I live in a house which looks upon a fair-sized open space. The buildings which surrounded this space were all put up at about the same time. They are not architecturally remarkable; they are decent-looking, self-respecting houses of a hundred or more years of age, and the people who built them realised that they would form a façade on each side of the open space. In consequence, the whole open space and its surrounding houses were something pleasant to look at. Some years ago three or four houses in one corner of, let us say, the south side were sold and an immense semi-public building was put up, towering over the adjacent houses and bearing much the same relation to them as a modern cinema bears to Queen Anne's Gate. Two years later half a dozen houses in the same corner, but on the west side, were sold, and another semi-public building was erected. The architecture of the second public building has no relation to that of the first. Last year, all the remaining houses on the west side were sold, and a third building, this time a great block of flats, was erected. The block of flats, architecturally and to the human eye, now appears as one gigantic building with the second public building, but having been built by a different architect, for a different purpose and a different owner, the fact that the two are architecturally one has been ignored. Or rather it has been half recognised and half ignored, which is infinitely worse, for it is neither symmetrical nor asymmetrical; it looks like a teapot which has lost its spout or the cross between a greyhound and a bulldog. It has been born not only a bastard, but an abortion and a monstrosity. It is the last word in architectural inanity.

* * *

It is this inanity of the new London which is its most striking feature. Kingsway, for instance, or the new Regent Street, seem to my eye essentially inane streets. Each building is silly and has its own peculiar air of silliness; some are pompous and others mean, but they are all meaningless; the general effect is that of feeble-mindedness. Another feature of this kind of building is that it is cosmopolitan in the worst sense. You could take up Kingsway bodily and transport it to Berlin, Paris, or almost any other large city of Europe and "swop" it for one of their rebuilt streets and no one would know the difference. This complete lack of local character in architecture is something new. The old Regent Street, Queen Anne's Gate, Bedford Square, Bedford Row, a number of streets in Kensington and Richmond, a large part of Brighton could only have been built in England, just as the main street in Limerick or Merrion Square in Dublin could only have been built in Ireland. The presence of this local characteristic is, I think, due to the fact that those who built these houses and streets had an idea of their own as to what a house and a street should be; the absence of it to-day is only another example of the vacuity of modern architecture.

* * *

Hesitatingly and apologetically I put some of these reflections on the rebuilding of London before a distinguished architect and asked him what his own profession thought of the new city which is rising upon the ruins of the old. I found that he personally agreed with most of my complaints and lamentations, but he said that he was in a small minority; the profession as a whole is complaisant. The most modern architects take their art from Berlin. He himself put a good deal of the blame upon concrete and the invention of plywood, for the most important building materials now place no limitations upon the architect and require no skill in their manipulation by the worker. Any fool can do anything with them, and they do do it. For some reason or other, the use of plywood has resulted in the impossibility of getting seasoned wood for building. In the last three years I have had a gate post, garage doors, and a new window made by three different builders. Within twelve months the gate refused to latch on the post, the window refused to open, and the garage doors refused either to open or to shut. In each case the builder excused himself by saying that it is quite impossible to get seasoned wood.

* * *

A propos of what I wrote the other day about speed and motoring a correspondent asks me a pertinent question. This is what he says:

> Your article is frank; at least you avoid the bilge about a speed of 50 m.p.h. being no more dangerous than one of 5 or 10. What I hope is that, continuing your frankness, you will explain how you reconcile it with your conscience, sense of decency or what not to inflict *on other people* the risk of your driving at dangerous speeds. The risks you impose on yourself are your own concern. I find it hard to believe that you do so because of a sheeplike tendency to follow the mob, because it is surely a mark of the great and good

people who write in THE STATESMAN for our edification to eschew in all things the habits or tastes of the mob.

The question is pertinent and very difficult to answer without writing a volume on social conduct. I do not think that I possess a conscience, but I hope that I possess a sense of decency and a what not. I do reconcile my driving at speeds which I know to be dangerous to other people with the sense of decency and what not. I drive with the maximum amount of care in the conditions imposed upon me by the roads and vehicles which I with other members of the community commonly use. In other words, perhaps, I follow the mob, a course of action which under modern conditions of life one is continually forced to do. To avoid endangering the lives of other people by excessive speed I should be compelled never to travel by any motor vehicle at all. The onus of making the roads safe for modern cars or of forbidding the use of modern cars on existing roads is not on me, but upon the community. My refusal to use motor vehicles or my attempting to drive a modern car at 5 or 10 miles an hour all the way from London to Brighton would neither ease my imaginary conscience nor make any difference to the safety of the roads. In other words the question is a communal, not an individual one, and the individual's action is therefore, within certain limits, irrelevant.

* * *

John Cornford, who was killed at the end of December, fighting on the side of the Spanish Government and commanding an infantry group in the English battalion, was a remarkable person. I did not know him myself, but have heard much of the extraordinary impression which he made upon his contemporaries at Cambridge. He was only just twenty-one when he died. He had a brilliant academic career at Trinity College. After taking a First in both parts of the Historical Tripos, he was given the Earl of Derby Research Scholarship in History. It was in politics that he had upon his contemporaries an outstanding influence. He was already a member of the Communist Party when he came up to Cambridge. One of his contemporaries writes to me that "it was largely under his inspiration that the long Cambridge tradition of isolation from the world and from politics was broken down and that a strong Socialist movement was organised." His single-minded concentration and energy transformed the University Socialist Society into a very live organisation and he worked successfully to unite the University Left-Wing parties. As soon as it became clear that the outside Fascist Forces were supporting the rebels in Spain, he resigned his Research Scholarship and joined the forces of the Spanish Government. He proved to be a real leader, and in the critical period when the attack on Madrid was repulsed, his courage and resource made his company an important unit in the defence. He was a son of Professor Cornford of Trinity and facially there was a strong resemblance between father and son; his mother was Frances Cornford, the poet. I belong to Professor Cornford's generation and to Trinity College, Cambridge, and when I remember the sort of life which might reasonably be expected to lie before us in the early years of this century and contrast it with the world of to-day in which the qualities of the younger Cornford lead, not to the brilliant and useful life they deserved, but to violent death in Spain, I am filled with horror and indignation. HYPOCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Eric Lashwood.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The air of St. Moritz is conducive to gaiety: the slightest amount of alcoholic refreshment, when taken at a height of 5,000ft., is apt to cause lightheadedness, but luckily the control of one's behaviour is a prerogative of the Britisher.—*Daily Mail.*

We say quite frankly that any man who doesn't come to Church and say his prayers at the Coronation has the intellect of a rabbit and the emotions of a caterpillar.—*Church Magazine.*

Quite plainly, in my view as a lawyer upon the evidence in this case, I cannot find it very difficult to see how you can fail to find that this woman is not guilty of manslaughter.—Mr. Justice Humphreys, reported in *Daily Telegraph.*

SIR HERBERT BARKER'S DOUBLE LOSS

Sir Herbert Barker, the manipulative surgeon, whose beautiful home, La Consula, is situated on the outskirts of Malaga, has received news that his chauffeur and Cairn terrier have been killed.—*News Chronicle.*

The happiest time of the year in an Englishman's life is from the middle of August to the middle of January. Why? Because of the grouse, partridge and pheasant shooting—the thing he really likes best.—*Vogue.*

As to the provisions for the safety of the workers, the Federation had never been against the putting of safety devices on machinery so long as they did not decrease the machinery's usefulness.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

I am wondering what it is that causes a tight feeling round the throat when I listen to beautiful music. My friends tell me I am "soft." Can you suggest a remedy? Christine.—Letter in *Daily Mail.*

WE IN DURAND GARDENS

"WE in Durand Gardens," writes an indignant householder to a morning newspaper, "know what Socialism really means. Recently the L.C.C. renumbered the properties in spite of a 100 per cent. petition against their interference. The confusion caused was disgraceful, a real Russian bit of tyranny."

How warmly one sympathises with this cry from the heart! What suffering did Prometheus on the rock endure that can be compared with the suffering of a citizen robbed of his familiar house number? I know myself what it is like to have my telephone number stolen and another and inferior number substituted for it. Life under Stalin is nothing to the persecution that ensues. All day long and all night long the friends of the beautiful actress whose number one has been given keep ringing and refusing to believe that one is living in one's own house. I have known a woman to ring up three times within five minutes and insist that the actress must be in the house as this was her number. I could not deny that according to any decent code of ethics the number belonged to the actress and that in accepting it from the Post Office I was no better than a receiver of stolen goods. At the same time, I accepted it under duress, and I felt that the woman's hot-tempered remarks should have been addressed to the peccant Post Office and not to me. Government departments never have, never had and never will have a conscience. That is why here as in Russia and in Germany they steal our telephone numbers and anything else they can lay their hands on.

I doubt whether the Government in any country realises how deeply the ordinary citizens resent being interfered with in any way at all. We do not much mind the authorities interfering with other people, but we have the strongest objection to their interfering with ourselves. I remember how, when I was a boy living in an "avenue" in which every house had some such name as Viewmount or Altona, many of the residents objected strongly to an official order that their houses must be given numbers, even if they retained their names. It seemed like branding a lot of respectable houses as a kind of convicts. After all, a name is part of a personality, and the personality of Chatsworth is half gone when postmen and milkmen begin to speak of it as number seven. I was once myself the occupant of a little semi-detached villa which its first owner had modestly christened Belgrave House. I sometimes wish that I had allowed the name to be painted on the pillars of the gate, as the house-painter proposed, but I shrank from the responsibility of living in a house so nobly

named. That was mere cowardice—a snobbish avoidance of snobbery. I do not see why houses should not have names as cats and dogs have. Who could care for a cat that, instead of having a name, was known as number twenty-seven. Even racehorses, though they carry numbers for the sake of convenience, reach our hearts and imaginations only through their names—Victor Wild, Brown Jack, Hyperion.

At the same time, the letter from the householder in Durand Gardens suggests that even a number may come to have profound personal associations—that a man who has lived happily for years in 84B will feel deeply humiliated if his house is renumbered 49. Many people associate their luck with numbers and feel gloomy about their future if they are linked with a number the digits of which add up to thirteen. But, even apart from this, they resent any compulsory change in the street in which they live. The inhabitants of Keats Grove in Hampstead protested bitterly when the London County Council altered the name of the street from the original John Street. They had, so far as I am aware, no animus against Keats: they simply resented interference with the name of their street. It was, as they saw clearly, the thin end of the wedge. The thick end of the wedge has now reached Durand Gardens.

At the same time, it seems to me that the Durand-Gardens householder has misread his history if he imagines that Russian tyranny is a new thing in English life, due to the rise of the Labour Party. There have always, alas! been Bolsheviks in England, compelling the citizen to do all kinds of things, whether he wished to do them or not. The Bolsheviks of the seventeenth century compelled him to go to church on Sunday. That was almost as gross an interference with the rights of the subject as the renumbering of the houses in Durand Gardens. Worse was still to come in the eighteenth century when the Englishman was compelled to give facts about his family and himself in a census paper. Some people objected to this on religious grounds, believing that to number the people would be to invite the wrath of God against England; but the Bolsheviks then in power cared little for the conscientious scruples of their subjects. "Britons," a poet had sung, "never shall be slaves," but on this occasion they responded like slaves to the whip of their masters.

Then came that crowning act of Bolshevism—the imposition of the Income Tax. The freedom-loving Englishman now found the Government prying into his most private affairs. Hitherto the amount of money he possessed was known only to himself, his bank manager and God. Now it was public property, and not only was he compelled to disgorge the facts about his income, but to disgorge a large part of his income to the Russian tyrants then in authority.

I do not know when all this business of compulsion and interference began, but there is no denying that it had a long, dark history before it culminated in the renumbering of the houses in Durand Gardens. There was a time when an ordinary poor citizen in a coast town might suddenly be seized and sent off, willy-nilly, to serve in the Navy. "Well," he may have consoled himself at the time, "at least, they didn't make me change the number of my house, as they would have done in Russia." In most troubles there is some consoling circumstance. Even in Durand Gardens the residents may console themselves with the reflection that their protest against the renumbering of their houses will not be regarded (as it might in another country I could name) as an act of Trotskyite Fascism.

Still, it is painfully evident that the lust for interference has been growing in official circles at a rapid rate during the present century. Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Act was a characteristic example of the modern tyranny, breaking up the old sacred relationship between employer and servant, and compelling duchesses to feats of stamp-licking from which African slaves would have recoiled in horror. Again, I am not allowed to possess a motor-car without a prying Government's insisting on knowing all about it—its make, its horse-power, even its colour—and I am forced to pay not only for the right to possess it and the right to drive it, but for the insurance of pedestrians who may run into me against the results of their folly. I have never been able to see what business it is of the Government's whether I own a car or not, or by what right they compel me to carry a number-plate, however much I may dislike it. One expects such things in Russia; but Englishmen are always boasting that theirs is a free country. So far as I can see, unhappily, about the only freedom that is left to the modern Englishman is the freedom to possess a cat without telling the police about it. And, if the Labour Party gets into power, even that will probably go.

The dog—that essential adjunct of the noblest type of Englishman—has already for generations been spied upon by the Nosy Parkers of the police-force. The Government, it is true, does not yet interfere with the name of your dog or compel him to carry a rear-lamp or reflector. But the fact remains that if an Englishman keeps a dog and says nothing about it, the authorities, like the secret police in Russia, will swoop down on him and hale him before the magistrates for condign punishment. You are not allowed to keep even a wireless set, except on terms laid down by the Government. Implicit obedience to an interfering Government is the universal rule in modern life. Go on disobeying the authorities, as you would if you were living in a free country, and you will find yourself in gaol.

Fortunately, the Englishman has still one right left—the right to complain. "We in Durand Gardens" are not yet forbidden to call our masters what they are—Russians and tyrants—when they change the numbers of our houses against our will. I should myself have been inclined to go further than the resident in Durand Gardens in the circumstances and to call the L.C.C. a murder gang. There is no need to be mealy-mouthed in speaking about the L.C.C. This is not Russia—yet.

Y. Y.

ELECTRIC FISHES

ELECTRICITY, the ruling factor in our lives to-day, has been harnessed effectually for much less than a century. Some appreciation of its potentialities, however, is of much older date, and as early as 1729 the extraordinary phenomenon of the so-called electric eel excited the general interest of scientists.

This remarkable Brazilian fish—which is only superficially eel-like—has recently been made the subject of more detailed examination than hitherto by Messrs. C. W. Coates of the New York Aquarium and R. T. Cox of the New York University.

Investigations with a complex apparatus known as the oscillograph showed that two distinct types of discharge are given by the fish. The head end of the eel was always "positive" in respect to the tail portion, and no reversal of voltage was observed. Small eels were found best suited for experiment, the "patient" being first dried and then placed in an insulating trough, too narrow to permit of violent wriggling. The voltage of the discharges decreased with the length of time spent out of water, and the "power" varied much in individuals; also in the same individual under different conditions. A small eel would give a shock of 300 volts, and a secondary shock of only 20 volts, whilst a larger specimen obliged with a "principal" shock of 145 volts, and an "echo" of 30 volts.

At the London Zoo a large eel has knocked a keeper over with a 300 volt shock, but such dramatic occurences are not part of the creature's normal "working life." Despite the lurid tales told of this famous fish, its powerful batteries, which occupy the whole tail region or four-fifths of its entire length, are primarily used to subdue creatures of modest size. At the New York Aquarium it has been found that a relatively tame eel will give quite gentle shocks if prodded or pushed about by a keeper to whom it is accustomed. A stranger taking liberties, however, at once receives a shock discouraging any further familiarities. The eel can, in fact, regulate its electricity.

When desiring to move the eels from one tank to another they can be temporarily exhausted by continual disturbance for an hour or so prior to removal, when handling is relatively safe. This lends some colour to the old tale attributed to the seventeenth century explorer Humboldt, who asserted that Indians desiring to cross a stream in the Amazon jungle, in which electric eels abounded, first drove in their horses or other cattle, thus exhausting the fish's "shock" powers for the time being, and so rendering them innocuous.

Conscious of its unusual powers, the electric eel does not pursue its prey, but lies in wait until some unsuspecting fish establishes "contact" to its undoing. The eel, moreover, possesses certain receptive organs by means of which it can "sense" shocks given by a fellow fish some distance away. Thus, when an eel has shocked, and swallowed a victim, all other eels in the same tank hasten to the spot and investigate the scene of the tragedy for some time afterwards. Similarly an eel having shocked a victim of some size, usually swims rapidly away, coming back to the exact spot some short time later presumably to see what damage it has done. Though thus highly sensitive to its own unique weapon, the eel does not seem to be inconvenienced by it and is quite immune to the startling "demonstrations" of others of its own species.

The situation is otherwise with the electric catfish of the fresh-waters of tropical Africa, for whenever more than one is housed in the same tank, the weaker specimen invariably succumbs sooner or later. This makes one wonder how the fish arrange matters when spawning renders their close proximity inevitable. Unlike that of the eel, the shock produced by the catfish is short and stinging like that from a high tension medical battery. The eel's is more vigorous and prolonged, and a specimen seized in the hand causes numbing and contraction of the muscles so that the aggressor cannot release his hold.

There are observers who assert that the electric catfish uses its electricity for hunting in a very strange way, it being said of the fish that, having shocked a victim, it at once pounces on such predigested food which the shocked party involuntarily brings up in its agitation. A curious parallel to this is seen in the well-known Skua Gull, which harasses other sea birds till they disgorge their food, which the Skua neatly appropriates.

The electric catfish is a big heavily built fish growing to three feet in length. Although the electric organs are a development of the skin, and invest the entire body, this does not detract from its edible qualities, and it is in great demand by the Arabs, who call it the Raad or Thunder fish. The creature has been known since very early times and figures largely in Egyptian mural paintings, etc.

An electric fish which pays occasional summer visits to home waters, and is very abundant on the other side of the Channel, is the torpedo ray. Whereas the catfish derives its electric organs from its skin, and those of the eel are mollifications of its caudal muscle, the torpedo is invested with hundreds of special organs resembling Leyden jars tightly packed and extending from the fish's back to its under surface. Though such a heavy and lethargic fish, the torpedo uses its organs for hunting, rising from the sea bed and throwing itself against any eligible fish passing overhead.

Torpedo rays are common in most warm seas, and in countries bordering the Mediterranean once figured amongst the "appliances" of the early physicians. The fish in fact may be regarded as the first "vibro-massage" apparatus, since it was used for curing rheumatic ailments, the sufferer being made to stand bare-footed upon its body for as long as his powers of endurance lasted.

This fish often forms part of the unwanted catch which encumbers the Seine net. On the coast of Brittany such nets are often hauled ashore at night, when the torpedoes, being largely invisible to the bare-footed fishermen, advertise their presence in unmistakable fashions. Shrieks and yells of anguish punctuate the proceedings, and on one occasion the writer was privileged to see a village youth attempt to kill a torpedo by smiting it with a ship's lantern. The results were electrifying in the extreme, for the doughty youth in his excitement had quite forgotten that the lantern was liberally patched up from handle to base with—copper wire!

In spite of lurid stories to the contrary, the torpedo is not capable of giving a fatal shock, and can safely be handled if seized by the tail, to which portion the electric cells do not extend.

E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

THE UNITED FRONT

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Davidson of the Socialist League, denounces the Unity Manifesto on the ground that it plays the Communists' game. This attitude is more favourable to the common enemy, reactionary Nationalism, than any Unity Manifesto could be. I speak as a Liberal, and believing that of the present anti-National forces, which I define as Liberalism, Socialism and Communism, a purged and transmuted Liberalism will eventually come out on top. I cannot understand the mentality of a Socialist, or of a Communist, but one thing I do clearly see, and that is that, in the present phase of struggle against reactionary Nationalism, any internecine struggle in the Left is suicidal. This is not because the Communist Party or the Liberal Party has this or that number of votes to add to the Socialist total; it is because no party can effectively conduct a struggle against two distinct objectives. This explains the failure of the Liberal Party since 1918. Unless the Socialist Party learns this lesson in time, it will fall as the old Liberalism fell, and the tragedy of it is that it will carry with it to its grave all the idealism in the nation. As a progressive Liberal, I have recognised that if I continue to concentrate on the struggle against Socialism and Communism I am paralysed in the struggle against reactionary Nationalism, and I do earnestly suggest that the time has come when Socialists must realise that they cannot conduct a struggle against Communism and reactionary Nationalism simultaneously. Both at home and abroad co-operation with Communism is an indispensable prerequisite of the struggle against reactionary Nationalism.

To say that the Labour rank and file would not tolerate such an attitude is political cowardice and abdication of leadership. Those in the Liberal Party have the problem of the rank and file too. To say that no alliance with Communism is possible, because the Communists "seek to disrupt the Labour Party from within," is an expression of the tactic which makes a major objective of anti-Communism. Co-operation between parties of the Left involves inevitably exposure of the rank and file to each other's propaganda, and the risks of "disruption" attached to it.

Finally, to repeat my major point, this co-operation is vitally essential to Socialism, not because of any immediate electoral advantage, but because Socialist strategy is paralysed by having at once an anti-Communist and anti-Nationalist objective. Students of recent political history will find ample evidence.

18 Heathcote Street, W.C.1 JUSTIN TREMAYNE

SIR,—When Mr. Acland and Mr. Pollitt share the same platform as they did at the Rally of the Left Book Club on Sunday, it is evident that the terrible experience of the Left parties of Germany and Spain has not been without its educational value to the Left parties of Britain.

Mr. Acland argued that if a United Front party were to get into power they should do so by means of a Constitutional election; to follow, no doubt, after the present Government has completed its full term of office. On seeking election the party must publish a not over-optimistic programme, which it really means to carry out to the letter, on the lines of alleviating the present hardships of the masses by means of gradual legislation. This would prove an admirable policy in an honest and intelligent world, but it seems obvious that the reactionaries would be only too delighted to seize the opportunity of using such a meagre programme, as it necessarily must be, for the purpose of setting off their own glowing promises with which a large electorate—in spite of the efforts of the Left Book Club—will still be duped.

Even were the United Front Party to obtain a working majority, such a policy would make progress so very gradual that even if war can be averted for the next ten years, the reforms of the party

during its normal term of office would hardly prove sufficient to resist the swing of the electorate pendulum back to reaction.

Mr. Pollitt, on the other hand, dreams of a Marxist era in Britain in the very near future. Although I cannot agree with many of the principles of Communism, it seems apparent to me that the latter system must certainly prove more effective in the suppression of desperate Capitalism than would Liberalism's milder methods, for under a Dictatorship of the Proletariat the Opposition of the Right are not treated like gentlemen, whilst the Government sits back and hopes for the best.

At the same meeting, John Strachey warned us not to wait for the Fascist 'planes to circle over our heads before we awoke to the necessity of unity; but, unless the leaders of the Left parties can see their way to arrive at some compromise, there seems little hope that unity will be achieved until the bombs are actually dropping; and, in view of the opinions of Acland and Pollitt epitomised above, I for one am not too optimistic in the expectation of shortly seeing the two shoulder to shoulder under the same political banner.

I have quoted these two speakers, as they represent the opposite extremes of the Left parties, yet it seems to me hardly more likely for even the other branches of Socialism, whose views on Government are in closer proximity, to have any greater success at co-operation. BERNARD ADLER

88 Manor Road, Stoke Newington, N.16.

THE MOSCOW TRIAL

SIR,—Mr. Dudley Collard has given Stalin a certificate for good behaviour in connection with the above trial. But no evidence has been submitted that indicates that Mr. Collard had any opportunity of seeing behind the scenes, and thus his views on the trial seem to have no more value than those of any other observer.

What Moscow asks the world to believe is that well-known Bolsheviks who "made" the Russian Revolution have for years been plotting with the Nazis and the Japanese to destroy their own handiwork. The fact that some of these Bolsheviks are Jews makes the charge even more extraordinary.

Is there not just a possibility that anyone who does not accept Stalin's line regarding policy is at once automatically dubbed a Trotskyite, a Nazi agent and a Japanese agent? This policy is not confined to the Communist Party in Russia. It is applied by its subsidiaries elsewhere. In this country the Communist Party dubs as Trotskyites and Fascist agents Left-wing Socialists who do not accept the new Communist Party "line." In Spain the Communist Party has been describing as Trotskyite and Fascist the P.O.U.M., an important Left-wing Socialist party. The other day, because the *Manchester Guardian* kept its open forum, the *Pravda* alleged that the *Manchester Guardian* had "become a Fascist-speaking trumpet," and that "the pages of the *Manchester Guardian* are open to the Gestapo for the glorification of its hired murderers, wreckers and Trotskyist spies." If Stalin's assistants can make such charges against the *Manchester Guardian*, what treatment can his political enemies in the Communist Party expect? MARXIST

GERMANS IN MOROCCO

SIR,—I read with great interest your article on "German Influence in Morocco," as I had known for some time of the use of Ifni in some of the ways indicated, and I have thought that the following relevant anecdote might interest some of your readers.

One of my French friends, the wife of a well-placed resident in Rabat, had a German friend (a friendship dating from a pre-war post-graduate year spent in Germany) with whom she had maintained friendly correspondence for many years. After the war he had frequently expressed the desire to visit Morocco as a tourist, but had never been able to do so, because of the ban on Germans there which had been in force since the war. When this ban was raised Madame X wrote asking him if he would like to avail himself of this recently made opportunity and offering him hospitality and headquarters at her home in Rabat. He accepted at once, and arrived shortly after. He spent a few days in Rabat and then went to Marrakesh, asking, before leaving, that his correspondence be forwarded. Almost immediately after his departure an astonishingly large number of letters and cards began to pour in from all parts of Morocco, most of which were obviously not in the handwriting of Europeans, and some of which were partly in Arabic. Madame's suspicions were aroused, since this man had never before been in Morocco. Consequently, she read the correspondence on the post-cards. From this she realised that her guest was making appointments with a large number of Moroccan natives up and down the country, with whom he could have formed contact only through some large-scale political organisation.

Madame X kept the correspondence back, and in a few days her visitor returned to Rabat and asked why his correspondence had not been forwarded, saying that as a consequence all his arrangements had been spoiled. Madame pointed out that from her long familiarity with conditions in Morocco it was impossible that he should have been able, in so short a time, to get to know so many Moroccan natives so well, and that she could only conclude that his visit to Morocco was not solely as a tourist, and that it was only because of their previous friendship and because she wished to avoid publicity that she had refrained from informing the Protectorate political authorities, and she requested him to leave the country immediately, under the threat of handing him over.

Her formerly trusted friend had nothing to say, and left the same day, and, needless to say, Madame X has heard never a word of him, or from him, since.

The object of using her address was clearly that of avoiding notice and consequent suspicion, since it would hardly be likely that a French citizen, in a responsible official position, would harbour an active enemy of France.

The above took place nearly four years ago and was narrated to me during my visit to Rabat some two years ago, and I can vouch for its accuracy. UNIVERSITY LECTURER

PRISON STATISTICS

SIR,—You were good enough some time ago to review some statistics submitted by the Howard League for Penal Reform to the League of Nations last September, regarding the prison population of various countries in the world.

The statistics were published with a warning that the figures were liable to correction. In one particular instance they were, I regret to say, completely incorrect. Those for Sierra Leone should have been 23.1, or according to more recent figures 21.8, instead of 383.7, per hundred thousand of the population. The error arose from the use of the population figures for the colony only, as opposed to those of the colony and protectorate. We greatly regret this error, which has been corrected in all copies of the pamphlet recently sent out. MARGERY FRY

48 Clarendon Road, W.11.

THE FACTORIES BILL

SIR,—Your God-speed to factory reformers encourages me to hope that you will give publicity to this preliminary announcement of the forthcoming Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Open Door Council at Birmingham (Midland Institute), on Saturday, March 6th.

Discussion of the Factories Bill will take a prominent part in the programme, and in addition to the all-day meeting on Saturday, to which members of the public are cordially invited, there will be a further public meeting at the Bristol Street Schools on Sunday, March 7th, at which Miss Vera Brittain, Mrs. Elizabeth Abbott and Mrs. Linda Littlejohn will speak on Dangerous Legislation.

May I remind your readers that the Council exists to secure for the industrial woman worker, whether married or single, a free and unrestricted market for her labour, upon the same terms and in return for the same wages as the man; and to endeavour, at this moment in particular, to obtain a Bill based honestly upon a fair division of the labour-market into two classes of adult and non-adult workers, for the greater security of the woman and the true protection of the young person.

ANNE PROTHEROE JONES,
Hon. Organising Secretary for the Conference

13 York Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16.

THE COLOUR BAN AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—As there has been rather more than the usual amount of humbug talked about British democracy lately, it may not be out of place to call attention to how it works for coloured colonial subjects when they attempt to find a home in this "democracy."

Two cultured Negro friends of mine (I mention that they are cultured only to indicate that they could not be regarded as socially undesirable) have been scouring London for weeks past, from N.22 to S.W.1, in an attempt to find a small flat (two rooms, kitchenette, bath), but everywhere—even in the most "likely"

quarters, such as Bloomsbury, Bayswater, Edgware Road, Pimlico —they have met with the same story; either the landlord objects to "nigger" tenants, or claims that whereas he himself has no objection it would "upset" the other tenants, which he cannot afford to have happen.

Even the fact that one of the Negroes happens to be a prince (his brother ruling lands four times the size of England) is not enough to overcome the colour prejudice—though British snobbery is such that it can do so readily enough when the coloured man happens to be an Emperor, or an immensely wealthy and influential Rajah.

Is it any wonder that the subject peoples of the British Empire are filled with the utmost contempt for our constant mouthing of that fine but tragically abused word "democracy," and regard us as the nation of humbugs that we indeed are?

It is possible that as a result of this airing of the wrong some Left-winger, free of race prejudice, will come forward and offer these two particular negroes accommodation (though by the time this appears in print it is probable that they will have been allowed to inhabit some dark damp basement that only very poor white people who could not afford anything better would dream of renting); but solving the problem for these two leaves the problem itself—which in a true democracy could not exist—untouched. It is deplorably true that even many Left-wingers who hotly maintain that they believe in the true democracy of social equality are very shaky when it comes to a matter of *racial* equality.

Had the so-called democratic Azaña Government given proper attention to its colonial problems, the Moors would not be fighting with Franco against the Spanish people now, and it may well be that the day will come when the British Empire and the so-called democratic British people will meet just retribution at the hands of the at present subject peoples who are fictitiously supposed to have a share in this "democracy." ETHEL MANNIN

Listowel.

THE STROKE OF MURDER

SIR,—In his review of Miss Winifred Duke's book, *The Stroke of Murder*, your reviewer, Mr. Hamish Miles, does a great deal less than justice to the unfortunate man Starchfield, who suddenly found himself charged with murdering his son, to whom admittedly he had always been devoted. Your reviewer accepts the fact that there was no plausible motive for the crime, but he continues to give the impression that there is still some question as to Starchfield's guilt.

"There was," says he, "some fairly good evidence of identification."

"This, however," he adds, "was countered by rather stronger counter-identification."

I defended Starchfield before one of our greatest judges. At the end of the case for the Crown the judge and jury literally had a race as to which should first stop this ridiculous case, and so expressed their united opinion as to the "fairly strong evidence of identification."

I remember talking over the case later in the day at the House of Commons with the then Lord Advocate, who said that there was no case on record where a charge of murder had so completely broken down that the jury stopped the case at the close of the prosecution's evidence. And what of the "rather stronger counter-identification"?

The simple truth is that no evidence at all was ever called for the defence, strong or otherwise, as the jury decided Starchfield had no case to meet. He was a quiet unassuming and gallant fellow. I have never known a more completely baseless and foolish charge. It just collapsed under the weight of its own absurdity. EDWARD G. HEMMERDE

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.

VOLUNTEERS IN SPAIN

SIR,—One of the most heroic features of the present terrible war in Spain has been the fighting, side by side with the splendid Spanish Government troops, of the International Brigade, especially in the defence of Madrid against heavy Fascist attacks.

There are now 800 men in the British section of the Brigade, who volunteered before the recent ban on enlistment, and some hundreds of dependants must be provided for. We are sure that many of your readers will welcome the opportunity of helping to maintain these dependants. The proposed scale is £1 for a wife, and 10*s*. for each child, up to a maximum of £2 10*s*. If there is a surplus in the British Fund, this will be devoted to assisting the German and Italian sections of the Brigade, whose members have shown the utmost courage and devotion to duty.

This is work which falls naturally on those sympathisers who have been kept by age or other duties from more active service. We cannot allow the families of these gallant men to suffer. I shall be pleased to receive and acknowledge with gratitude donations and subscriptions from those who would like to help with this work.

CHARLOTTE HALDANE,
Hon. Secretary
For International Brigade
Dependants' Aid Committee.

54, Fitzroy Road,
Primrose Hill, N.W.1.

A CAMBRIDGE MEMORIAL

SIR,—As is by now generally known, two Cambridge men, John Cornford and G. C. Maclaurin, have been killed fighting for the democratically elected Spanish Government in the International Brigade. At the instance of their many friends, both in the University and the Town, a Memorial Fund has been opened by a representative Committee. Help is urgently needed for the International Brigade, for the second Youth Food-ship, and for the British Medical Units. Contributions, earmarked for any of the above, or any similar, purposes, should be sent as soon as possible to the Treasurer, Dr. J. Needham, Caius College, Cambridge. Through the hospitality of your columns we appeal to all your readers to give really generously, in recognition of the fearless and unhesitating self-sacrifices of Cornford and Maclaurin in the struggle against the world forces of oppression and war.

CORNFORD AND MACLAURIN MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

S. J. COOK, DOROTHY NEEDHAM } Cambridge Trades Council and Labour Party.
A. M. ELLIOTT, A. G. MORTON } Cambridge Communist Party.
JOSEPH NEEDHAM, M. MACDONALD } Camb. Univ. Labour Party.
J. P. ASTBURY, M. J. C. HODGART } Camb. Univ. Socialist Club.
F. T. BOWYER, Camb. Br. Left Book Club.
S. J. BERRY, Camb. Br. League of Young Liberals.
K. JONES, Camb. Br. Labour League of Youth.
G. DAVIES, Camb. Br. Young Communist League.
PAMELA FELL, Camb. Br. Socialist League.

"ENG. LIT."

SIR,—Is *Jane Eyre* authorised for reading in the schools? It was certainly not offered to me, and in the home circle, when I was caught at the age of ten reading this book for the tenth time it was taken away from me and hidden in—as I subsequently discovered—the bath-chair. I have always believed that "Jane" is regarded as uncleanly reading matter for the young. Mistresses are mentioned, and debauchery; the plot turns on bigamy. No; I think I am right in saying that *Jane Eyre* has no place in the syllabus.

Now *Guy Mannering* has, as I know to my cost. But then, I am convinced that I should never have liked the pawkier Scott anyhow. *Guy Mannering* is an excellent book for the bath-chair, but no one ever thought of putting it there. I remember routing out of that family cache some three or four tasty novels—*The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*, *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, and *Sappho*. Among others, they made my eleventh year a very happy one for me. PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

115 Beaufort Mansions, Beaufort Street, S.W.3.

SIR W. CLARKE HALL

SIR,—I am co-operating with Lady Clarke Hall in the production of a Memoir of the late Sir William Clarke Hall, well known for his work as a London magistrate and a pioneer of the Children's Courts. It will be of great assistance if any who possess letters from him, or other material throwing light on his private or public life, will kindly send them to me on loan as soon as convenient.

Failand, Broxbourne, Herts. STEPHEN HOBHOUSE

PALESTINE

SIR,—The comments of most of the Liberal and "Left" press in England about the recent disturbances in Palestine were characterised by a somewhat uncritical attitude towards Jewish achievement in this country. This attitude is likely to be strengthened as a result of the childish antics of the members of the Arab Higher Committee before the Royal Commission. It

would be a mistake to suppose that the case now being presented is the best Arab case that can be presented.

The Arab Higher Committee, representing, as far as it can be said to represent anything, the landowning and "upper class" element in the Arab community, is in a difficult position in that the real grievances of the Arabs are basically due to the feudal organisation of Arab society which the members of the Higher Committee are naturally concerned to preserve.

It has repeatedly been said that the only way to get peace in Palestine is to secure co-operation between the Arabs and Jews. In fact it is doubtful whether Palestine is ever discussed without some such remark being made. But co-operation is impossible until the cultural and economic standards of the two communities begin to approximate to one another. As it is inconceivable that the Jew should ever return to Arab standards the only alternative is for the Arab to progress towards Jewish standards, and this would knock the bottom out of the present Arab social system.

Although the ramblings and the ravings of the Arab leaders do not represent the voice of the Arab people it is the only voice that is likely to be heard, for the British Government, fearful as always of any democratisation of "backward" peoples under their control (witness our support of the reactionary Princes in India, and the policy of "indirect" rule through native chiefs in our African possessions) is sedulous to preserve the "face" of the Arab leaders before their own people. By lending its support to the dead hand of Arab feudalism it prevents the Arab people from attempting to work out their own salvation.

The way of Arab salvation is the way of collective farming to raise the productivity of their land, and the way of organised labour to raise the economic standards of their people. But who can conceive of the Colonial Office injecting such "Bolshevist" ideas into the heads of a race whose welfare is their "sacred trust"? Instead, their policy will be governed (*a*) by the political pressure that is being continually exercised to get as many Jews into the country as can possibly be justified by an over elastic interpretation of "economic absorptive capacity" and (*b*) by the necessity of shoring up at all costs the tottering Arab feudal economy as a counterbalance to Jewish democracy. These principles are both indefensible on economic grounds, and on political grounds they are contradictory. The result will be a progressive impoverishment of both Arab and Jewish communities. This impoverishment will serve to sharpen existing enmities and the immediate future of British Imperialism in Palestine seems likely to alternate between riots in the summer after the orange shipping has finished and commissions of inquiry in the winter in an attempt to obscure the real causes of trouble.

P.O.B.9, Jaffa, Palestine. ANGLO-PALESTINIAN

SPORT IN INDIA

SIR,—Mr. Edward Thompson's amusing travesty of *shikar* practices in India does injustice, perhaps unknowingly, to those very efficient game wardens, the officers of the Forest Service in India. I have even known a district magistrate fine his own wife for a breach of the shooting rules.

His references to the Indian States may be amplified by the extract from an essay on mountains by a young prince, quoted in Sir Harcourt Butler's book *India Insistent*:

"Mountains are very good things, because where there are mountains there are forests, and where there are forests there are tigers, and where there are tigers Viceroys come to shoot, and then the roads are put in order and the Chief is made a G.C.S.I. and that is very good for the State." R. BURN

9 Staverton Road, Oxford.

Miscellany

CHEKHOV AT THE WESTMINSTER THEATRE

FROM the ring of some of the laughs excited by the characters in *Uncle Vanya*, at the Westminster Theatre, I surmise that a large number of the audience regarded them as extremely "Russian," and accordingly felt superior. Certainly the atmosphere of the play is Russian and tinged with the colours of a stagnant period in Russian history with which the name of Chekhov is indissolubly connected, those years which led to the ignoble failure of the *intelligentsia* to direct in the smallest degree the revolution of 1917. Though Chekhov was far from ineffectual himself (on the contrary a fine artist), the ineffectualness of his generation was his inspiration; and when we read him we take uneasily a lesson to heart.

The creation of a Russian atmosphere is one of the difficulties of performing *Uncle Vanya* which the production at the Westminster Theatre failed to surmount. No doubt a Russian would have smiled at some of the scenes for being "out" as far as imponderables are concerned, as we might smile, say, at a performance of *Waste* at Milan. Mr. Cecil Trouncer, though he gave a consistent and in some respects an able performance, was badly "out" in the part of Astrov. He looked and bore himself like a young Englishman who spends his holidays in climbing Swiss mountains—true, a rather overstrained young man and too fond of drink, but nothing like the Astrov type. Explosions of self-disgust in him were therefore more comically incongruous than, as they should have been, interesting and disquieting; and they afforded no contrast to the pathetic petulance and helpless self-abasement of the more aimiable Uncle Vanya. Bursts of self-revelation from these two men should affect us differently, and that they should do so is important from the point of view of the drama in the play, not merely of its atmosphere. I hate to seem to lay blame upon an actor who, as his performance in *Waste* a few weeks ago proved, knows his business as an actor well, for any pervasive defect in a production, but the more I reconsider the impressions I received at the Westminster Theatre the more certain I become that it was this bit of miscasting which robbed the play of a good deal of what Gerald Hopkins would have called its instress. If you want to know what his Astrov lacked, imagine the part played by, say, Mr. Franklin Dyall, who can behave like a man who had a soul but lost it and look like one too.

Mr. Harcourt Williams as Uncle Vanya was not nearly restless enough to satisfy me. In the passages (and there are many in the part) where plaintive, passive depression predominates, he was excellent, and at the end where Sonia makes her dim little speech about the time when all tears will be wiped away, while poor Vanya can only sit and stare dumbly in front of him, Mr. Harcourt Williams achieved pathos in a high and noble degree. But the actor who plays this part must remember that however much of a surprise for the audience Vanya's hysterical homicidal impulse may be at the end of Act III—and it should be "a surprise," hitting us suddenly between wind and water, laughter and tears—it has to be prepared by Vanya's demeanour before it occurs; so that the second after the two shots ring out we know in a flash how incongruously *like* the gentle Vanya it was to have been swept into violence by a nerve-storm. This is where Mr. Harcourt Williams's interpretation failed; it did not lead up to that lurid ludicrous moment.

I regret that the New Statesman Company cannot afford to print the following general principle of production in letters of gold: the more sudden a surprise on the stage, the more careful (unknown to the audience) should its preparation be.

Two all-important moments which precede this highly comic attempt at a murder—the entrance of that scribbling old vampirine fraud of a professor, flapping and flying from the pursuing Vanya like a startled hen—were not sufficiently emphasised in the production. The one is all-important psychologically. This is the moment when Vanya returns with his promised bunch of "autumn" roses for Elena (how that touch of plaintive sentiment had exasperated her!) only to find her in Astrov's arms. Mr. Harcourt Williams's entrance was inconspicuous. He slipped in from the side, collapsed silently on a chair and laid his roses quietly on the table. No, no, that's not enough—not nearly enough. Vanya should enter radiant with impulsive tenderness—and stop short, dead, suddenly frozen by misery. Remember our eyes at the moment are on the lovers. Vanya's entrance should therefore switch our attention with a shock to *him*. What Vanya is feeling is

of much more vital importance to what is coming than Elena and Astrov. If the exigencies of the setting at the Westminster Theatre preclude a central entrance, then a little suppressed squeal of pain, making also the pair jump apart, would be in place. Vanya! we must think of him. It is this shock, this final blow to his belated and beseeching love (his youthful enthusiasm had been squandered in supporting the Professor) that screws Vanya's self-pity up to desperation; so that when that old gassing, scribbling humbug calls a family council and calmly proposes that Vanya and Sonia should sell the estate to keep him in town where he may still attract a few admirers, *that* is more than Vanya can stand. And here is the second point, vitally important dramatically, which to my thinking the Westminster production did not bring out sufficiently.

After a sarcastic outburst at the family council, Vanya shouts: "I know what must be done." That line must tell in such a way that when Vanya dashes from the room, and we hear a shot off stage, our first thought is, "God! he's shot himself." But no! In bursts the Professor capering with fantastic sexagenarian agility, eyes goggling, mouth open, cloak flapping, and after him the wildly distraught Vanya in pursuit with Sonia hanging on that arm which brandishes a revolver. He wrenches himself free. Bang again. "O futility, I've missed him *twice*!" To my mind that last exclamation should be spoken before, and not after, as Mr. Harcourt Williams spoke it? Vanya collapses. It is quite comic enough if spoken at the height of Vanya's dementia, while he is still upright, shaking like a bush in the wind. If spoken after his collapse the delicate balance of comedy and dismay in the scene is disturbed. The exclamation then raises too patronising a laugh.

My contention that Vanya should be interpreted as more intensely excitable than he appeared in the first three acts seems to find support also in this, that the play gains from a contrast being made between Vanya after his brain-storm and before it. It is in the last act that his crushed humility and nerveless resignation, which Mr. Harcourt Williams interprets so sympathetically, should be uppermost—after the last gleam of youth has been extinguished in him. The Professor is now sure of his tribute; Vanya and Sonia will have to slave at estate-management to provide it. With the departure, too, of the Professor's baleful, beautiful young wife the last disturbing source of hope goes from Vanya's life, and with Astrov's, from hers. They have nothing left but their work. Miss Elexis France's impersonation of Sonia was the most completely satisfactory performance in the cast, though it did not move me as much as Miss Gillian Skaith's years ago. Mr. Mark Dignam was a good Professor, and the little parts of the nurse, the hanger-on, and the old lady who never has her nose out of a pamphlet or magazine were adequately played.

Have I given the impression that this revival is not worth seeing? I trust not; it is well worth seeing. The touching beauty and the touching comedy of the play are there. It is because I love the play so much, not because I did not enjoy it again, that I have dwelt on points where the interpreters seemed to fail to get the most from it, and the production not to have helped them.

Chekhov is the poet of farewells. At the end of the last act one after the other the inhabitants of the country house come into the room and settle down into their old neglected habits. "They've gone," they say, one after the other; "they've gone." Astrov has gone; Elena has gone; Uncle and niece are left together, and Sonia makes her last touching little speech of consolation which cannot quite console. These repetitions are like the tolling of a bell in preparation for that. They did not, alas! have that effect on the Westminster stage, but excited a titter. The actors should be told that in the repetition of those casual words resides for a moment the spirit of the play.

One word to those who may go to see this play for the first time: though the atmosphere of it is Russian, the human nature in it is universal. That is what makes it moving. There is a difference between these characters and ourselves, but it is not a deep one and one not wholly in our favour. They do not keep up a conventional façade of self-respect in their relations to each other; they admit to being the childish creatures they are—and we are. And this atmosphere of impulsive candour is intensified by Chekhov's method of making character reveal itself in confession and even in soliloquy.

If you regard *Uncle Vanya* as a study in Russian character you will miss its point, and worse you will not be touched. There is always an element of arrogance in judging human nature from a national point of view. However modest we may be as individuals, there is no plumbing our unconscious conceit when we think of ourselves first as "English" in contrast to foreigners. All nations are the same; that is why patriotic emotions are everywhere so easy to excite. But nothing chills sympathy so much as consciousness of superiority, and if you bring that with you to the Westminster Theatre, Chekhov will have written in vain.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PUSHKIN

THE centenary of Pushkin's death is now being celebrated throughout the Soviet Union, and by Russians in other parts of the world, with more genuine fervour than usually accompanies such celebrations. For no poet of the nineteenth century has "worn" better than Pushkin, and no poet has dominated more than he the minds of his countrymen. There must be few Russians, even among the half-educated, who cannot recite a few pages of Pushkin, or who have not read "Onegin" at least ten times in their life—not as a school duty, but for sheer pleasure. Pushkin is an integral part of the Russian's psychological make-up and of his aesthetic judgment; he has his poetry "in his bones" more than any Englishman has Keats, Shelley, Byron—or even Shakespeare—in his. What young English girl would begin a love-letter with a quotation from *Romeo and Juliet* or *Antony and Cleopatra*? Yet thousands of Russian flappers to-day, and twenty, fifty and a hundred years ago, have spontaneously addressed their first flame with the words:

> Ya vam pishú, chevó-zhe bóle? Chtó ya mogú estchó skazát?
> I am writing to you. Is it not enough? What more can I say?

—the opening words of Tatiana's letter to Onegin. And what Russian has wandered along the quai's of the Neva without reciting in his mind the glorious lines of the *Bronze Horseman*, or contemplated the Ukrainian countryside without recalling the famous description of the Ukrainian night in *Poltava*?

> Tikhá Ukráinskaya nóch.
> Prozáchno nébo zvézdy bléstchut
> Svoeý dremóty prevozmóch.
> Ne khóchet vózdukh.
> Chút trepéchtchut.
> Srebrístykh tópolei listý. . . .

The Ukrainian night is calm. The sky is transparent, stars twinkle. The air is unwilling to awake from dreams. The leaves of the silver poplars are gently trembling.

It is a thousand pities that Pushkin—or at least the greater part of his poetry—should be as good as untranslatable. The same may be said of every poet, but it is particularly true of Pushkin—and of Lermontoff, for that matter. A Pushkin line has a grace and an internal harmony which can be no more translated than imitated. In the last hundred years no Russian poet has written a line which a critic with a good ear could have mistaken for Pushkin; the number of questionable poems "attributed to Pushkin" is therefore extremely small, and even these are seldom more than occasional epigrams. In recent years scholars have subjected Pushkin's lines to a truly anatomical dissection, complete with statistical tables and the combinations of vowels and consonants, and what not; but these tables are no more helpful to imitators than are Leonardo's scientific formulae for the classification of every human face. There are certain things in art that cannot be explained, and

one of them is genius. Pushkin was a genius—but one who took " infinite pains " ; he took nine years to write *Onegin*, and his Mozart, the " happy idler " in his *Mozart and Salieri* is not as close a portrait of Pushkin as some critics have said.

The serene, limpid, healthy poetry of Pushkin, with its generous human sympathy and comprehension, but without that introspection which is supposed to be " typically Russian," is more truly universal and " European " than the works of any other Russian, and he represents a fundamental side of the Russian genius, which, by being unknown outside, has given the outer world a one-sided conception of the Russian mind. For the " Pushkin " side of the Russian mind is as much alive to-day—if not more so—as the " Dostoevsky " side.

Pushkin's output was considerable, and extremely varied. It includes his Lyceum lyrics written in the light style of the French eighteenth century (and the influence of Voltaire never completely abandoned him) ; *Ruslan and Ludmila*, a long and rather absurd, Ariosto-like skit on Russian heroic folk-tales ; his " Byronic " poems like the *Fountain of Bakhchisaray* and the *Gipsies*, which are incomparably better than Byron (for whom Pushkin's admiration was anything but uncritical) ; *Eugene Onegin*, which holds the central place in Pushkin's works ; *Boris Godunov*, modelled on Shakespeare's Histories, with some pages of superb blank verse ; his novel, *The Captain's Daughter ;* his short stories, more laconic than anything in Mérimée ; his love-lyrics ; his immense *Bronze Horseman ;* his folk tales in verse ; and his *Little Tragedies*, unique masterpieces of poetic and dramatic condensation. Perhaps the best of them is *Mozart and Salieri*, in which Salieri, a hard-working musical artisan, to whom genius was denied, decides to poison Mozart, who succeeded, without effort, where Salieri had failed. In his first monologue Salieri says :

> I never, never felt the sting of envy.
> No. Never, never. Neither when Piccini
> Charmed with his sounds the raw Parisian crowd,
> Nor even when I heard for the first time
> The opening bars of Gluck's *Iphigenia*.
> What man can say that noble proud Salieri
> Has ever been an envier base and vile,
> A serpent crushed below the heels of men,
> Gnawing the sand and dust in helpless rage?
> But now I am envious. Deeply, bitterly ! O God !
> Where, where is justice, when that holy gift,
> When great, immortal genius is not
> The precious prize bestowed on self-denial,
> On burning love and pains and endless toil,
> But crowns the temples of a low buffoon,
> And foolish idler ? Mozart ! Mozart ! Mozart !

After a meeting with the " foolish idler," who looks upon Salieri as a dear friend and refers to Beaumarchais as " a genius like you and me," Salieri still persists in his design, and at last finds a weighty argument in the thought that a genius like Mozart is causing harm to the great Art of Music.

> No, I can now resist no longer,
> Fate has commanded me to stop his course.
> For if I fail in this great enterprise
> All the true priests and worshippers of music
> Will die and perish, and not I alone
> With my obscure, half-withered reputation.
> What good is there if Mozart shall live on,
> And rise to higher pinnacles of glory ?
> Will he raise art as high as he will rise ?
> No, it will fall as soon as he is gone,
> And no successor will he leave behind.
> Like a mysterious and unknown angel,
> He has brought down into this world of sorrow
> A few celestial songs, and then,
> Having but tempted our wingless longing,
> He will ascend into the sky again.
> Fly away then ! The sooner 'tis the better.

Pushkin's short life—he was killed in a duel at thirty-seven—was wild and turbulent. It is true that he gained recognition as a great poet when he was still at school ; and he was aware of his own value. But he was passionate and impulsive—and he drank and fought duels, and gambled heavily and had innumerable mistresses, from the lionesses of the St. Petersburg salons to the peasant girls of his country estate. He was a restless soul, always in search of new experience, with an infinite curiosity in life ; but not usually a happy man. The last years of his life were particularly gloomy ; his young and stupid wife was dragging him down into the morass of Court life, and he was under the constant supervision of the police, and, indeed, of the Tsar in person. His death was the result of one of the personal intrigues of that Court society which he hated and despised as much as it hated and ill-treated him. On the face of it, his work is autobiographical ; but that is true in only a very limited, and one might say, chronological sense. Reality in his works was always reflected, to use his own term, through the " magic crystal " of poetic vision ; and the strange contrast between his turbulent and often vulgar love affairs and his lyrical poetry (and, indeed, the whole contrast between his life and his art) is explained in the famous lines in *Onegin*, the true key to all poetic creation :

> Love has disappeared. The Muse has come. And the dark, confused mind is clear again ! Free, I can again seek the union of magic sounds, feelings and thoughts. I write, and my heart is no longer weary, and my pen no longer draws female heads and feet round the unfinished lines. The dying embers will not flare up ; I am still sad, but I shed no more tears, and soon the storm in my soul will calm down completely.

" Then," he concludes his serious reflection on one of his usual humorous notes : " then I shall write a poem of twenty-five cantos." The lines are a good explanation of Pushkin's creative process.

VLADIMIR NAGORNY

ANALOGIES IN MUSIC AND PAINTING

MUSICAL criticism is in an extremely backward state, and I was reminded of this particularly when seeing some picture exhibitions recently by the thought of Roger Fry, who was one of the few critics known to me who had, in my opinion, a proper grasp of his subject. Some recent concerts have provided sufficient matter for profound depression because they have revealed a fundamental lack of comprehension of the essentials of musical composition that is, we know, common to the public and practitioners in all the arts, but which in the case of painting, at any rate, has been pointed out by more than one writer on the subject, whereas one rarely sees any criticism of this sort on music.

One thing that depressed me recently was the enormous success in the Queen's Hall the other night of Delius's Nocturne, *Paris* (the Story of a Great City). Incidentally, I may add that I saw at this concert many young English musicians whom one rarely sees at concerts in such force—evidently drawn by a programme of Delius, Grieg and Sibelius—applauding rapturously this composition by Delius, than which I cannot think of a worse model for young composers and musicians. The writer of the programme notes, following Oscar Wilde's advice of trying to make virtue of defects, said of *Paris :*

> In its freedom of form it resembles a vast panorama wherein features recur at the will of nature and not in accordance with man-made laws. The orchestra is very large and the scoring of kaleidoscopic variety.

Let us translate this into terms applicable to a painting—it might, for example, be a painting by Augustus John or Sargent at their lowest level—and then our description would read :

> In its lack of any coherent and imaginative design, in its slap-dash fluency in which everything on the canvas is there, not in accordance with the creative will of the artist, but is merely an imitation or description of natural objects, it resembles a highly coloured photograph. The canvas is very large and the paint of every possible colour.

Now, one would not need even to be a critic of Roger Fry's acuity to understand that this is a description of a very inferior work. I am not surprised at a Queen's Hall audience liking *Paris*. It would make " atmospheric " cinema music to a film depicting scenes in the life of Paris, but, judging it as a

work of art in musical composition, it can only be given a very low place, and I would maintain that it neither has, nor can possibly have, the slightest interest for a serious young musician who is properly ambitious.

Of course, there is no general agreement upon these matters, either in painting or in music. There are even painters who at the present moment in London are going to the Seurat show in Bond Street and then to the Rosenberg and Helft show in Bruton Street who cannot understand and do not believe that the paintings shown by Seurat reveal him as a great master, while those shown by John (to take an eminent example) do not. I am not going to trespass upon the province of art criticism, but I have to make the point that there are some principles which are fundamental to the best creative work in all the arts, and of these one of the most important is that which has been described as "imaginative reason." This is the power which conceives a work as a whole and constructs it down to its smallest detail so that everything is absolutely right and inevitable. To achieve this inner logic and absolute expression in a formal harmony is something much more than the expression of an emotion or nostalgia, or the clever imitation of the picturesque or beautiful in Nature. It also requires the development of a specific artistic sense in the particular sphere of activity. It is not a question of learning a technique—in music, painting, words, etc.—by which one can express one's fine emotions. No doubt there have been hundreds of unknown musicians with as fine emotions as Mozart or Beethoven and thousands with as much so-called technical knowledge; but this combination of emotion and technique did not suffice to make them great composers. There is much more to creative art than that.

But we find the same confusion with regard to the performing of music. Artur Schnabel last week gave a Beethoven recital at the Queen's Hall, and I once again noticed a common misapprehension in certain quarters of his playing. There are actually critics and music-lovers who will say of Schnabel that he has not got the technique of Backhaus, for example. Now this is a complete illusion. To play Beethoven in the fluent, superficial way in which Backhaus and many other pianists excel is relatively easy; to play with the imaginative intensity, the intellectual profundity and the passionate grasp of the whole work down to its minutest tonal value as Schnabel does is colossally difficult and puts a strain upon the technical equipment of a pianist far beyond that imposed in tossing off all the so-called bravura pieces of Liszt. As a writer in last Sunday's *Observer* correctly says of Schnabel's recital: "When he came to the end we felt we had understood Beethoven. He follows each phrase out with perfect control and places it in its context with secure appropriateness. In the matter of tonal values he excels all living pianists. . . ."

Now this description might be as justly applied to a composer as to an executant or reproducer, and in order to complete my brief comparison of painting with music I would say that anyone who cares to go to the Wildenstein Gallery in Bond Street to see the Seurat show will there see pictures by a painter named Signac. Now there is a world of difference between Seurat and Signac. Signac may be described as a reproducer of Seurat in the musical sense in which a pianist reproduces by his playing a sonata by Beethoven. But, unlike Schnabel, Signac does not place each dot of paint in its context with secure appropriateness—although he uses the method of Seurat. Why is it that Signac cannot create like Seurat, having apparently the same means? Why is it that Hofmann or Rachmaninov cannot re-create Beethoven in their playing as Schnabel can? In their case it should not be lack of technique, or of musical intelligence. Well, I confess the answer is not to be given in a word, but I am none the less certain that the superiority lies in a profounder grasp of passionate design by the imaginative reason—and that just as this differentiates one performer from another, so it distinguishes great music like Beethoven's and Mozart's from the emotional slap-dash fluency of composers such as Delius and Grieg.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Home and Beauty," Adelphi

Mr. Cochran's Coronation revue suffers primarily from an excess of patriotism, which is neither communicable nor good material for the theatre. Mr. A. P. Herbert's book is, as always, wittily and ingeniously written, but, as always, better read than played. It is odd that after many years of doing it he does not seem to have acquired the knack of writing lyrics which are easy to get across as well as amusing to listen to, and the whole performance suffers from a slight feeling of congestion. The idea of a country house-party is a good one, particularly for the opening scene, where a brilliant piece of designing, both in line and colour, by Mr. Pene du Bois starts the evening very happily, but the quiet departure of the guests as a finale falls entirely flat; only Mr. Noel Coward has brought this off with "the Party's over." Indeed, without Miss Nora Howard's effective performance as the Countess of Mulberry—she has that valuable gift of dressing the scene, even when she has nothing to do—much of the revue would go for very little. She and Mr. Nodin as Treasure, the perfect butler, bring some life to these baronial halls. Miss Binnie Hale is not allowed to dance, except once. Why, one can't imagine, for those twinkling legs in action are one of the most enchanting things on the London stage. However, her imitations, particularly of Miss Jessie Matthews, are perfection, and her number, "I like a nice cup of tea in the morning," is the high-spot of the revue. Mr. Nelson Keys, as always, bears the burden of a number of parts on his shoulders and is admirable throughout, but the revue, despite beautiful lighting and mounting, is not up to Mr. Cochran's standard.

"Invitation to the Voyage," The Gate

A play which depends on a romantic illusion is largely controlled by its atmosphere. The lover who has gone, but whose brief passage has made a dream for all time in the humdrum existence of the wife of a small-town manufacturer, returns in the third act, though we never see him, with the affair simply an affair that is past and with the illusion shattered. Marie-Thérèse turns to her husband and child again and shakes off the dream. Something that happens not infrequently, but in the treatment of it there is a delicacy of perception both in writing and acting which lifts the play a long way out of the ordinary run of dramatic presentation. Miss Vivienne Bennett is beautifully cast for the part that really matters. Unusual in looks with her wide-set eyes, and exquisite in pose and movement, she creates in an uncanny way the feeling of desperation of conventional life, when all thoughts are elsewhere and where no respite is possible. Her performance in the first two acts is keyed to the lowest possible pitch and the sense of deadness, which is from time to time illumined by the flash of some chance remark, showing where her emotion is centred, creates a tension which holds the play taut. It would be difficult to overpraise the effect on the dramatic value of the piece of this tension, for it would be so easy with a more commonplace reading of the part for all the atmosphere to vanish. Her eagerness to see her lover again, when her sister-in-law tells her of his reappearance, has just the right desperation, and when the fatal meeting has taken place, her change of voice, character and even appearance sets a final seal on a brilliant piece of acting. A fine play, admirably produced, and well-acted by all Miss Bennett's supporting cast as well, it shows to perfection the uses and resources of a well-run studio theatre.

Molière at Cambridge

In prospect the performance of Molière's *Misanthrope* at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge was a little alarming. It seemed unlikely that English verse could render the original adequately, and it presented risks not involved in a prose version. However, Mrs. Duncan-Jones' translation into rhyming couplets justified these risks. Robert Atkins' production, though admirable in detail, was lacking in complete unity. In a sense the play was treated too much as if it was an English drama based on the contrast of tragic and comic effects, whereas Molière intended a more even tone. For the *Misanthrope* is not a mixture of a comedy and a tragedy; it is something that hovers all the time between the two. This effect could have been attained if Acaste and Clitandre had been made a little less farcical and Alceste a little less melancholy. The change in the rendering of Alceste could have been made without any lessening of dramatic effect by changing the dominating quality in his character from gloom to anger; and the first

scene of the play makes it clear that this is what Molière actually intended. The tone is set by Alceste's line : " Moi, je veux me fâcher, et ne veux point entendre." In this way Alceste could have brought out more fully the touch of the ridiculous which Molière intended in him, and at the same time have kept the sympathy of the audience. With this reservation, however, Francis James' playing of the part was sensitive and brought out the finer points. The performance reached its highest point in the second half of Act 3, in the scenes between Arsinoé, brilliantly acted by Rosalind Atkinson, and Célimène. To the latter part Lydia Lopokova was perfectly suited, and she acted it with so much charm that even the infatuation of Alceste and the treatment that he is willing to put up with from her become credible. The effect of the whole play was immensely heightened by the setting and dresses designed by André Derain. In these the artist achieved the almost impossible feat of being convincingly Louis XIV, without ever being archaeological. The costumes are a sort of essence of the court dress of the period, with the usually disturbing frippery removed; eighteenth century gilt furniture is set before a much simplified and stylised background.

Ballet Rambert, at the Duchess

A small stage and a small orchestra suit the English school of ballet admirably. Among the twenty-five ballets to be given in this three-weeks season at the Duchess Theatre, few would gain by a larger presentation. Pastiche and comedy predominate. On Tuesday evening, there were *Foyer de Dance*, with girls squatting in Degas attitudes, *The Bar at the Folies-Bergère* after Manet : both charming developments of the pictorial theme. The first, in fact, choreography by Ashton, score by Lord Berners, is as successful as any ballet this company has produced; and Miss Maud Lloyd dancing a can-can in the second gave the best individual performance of the evening. A new ballet, *The Descent of Hebe*, was given for the first time, music by Bloch, choreography Anthony Tudor. There is a certain *naïveté* in this treatment of a classical theme; Mercury wears a little hat perched forward (" how sweet ! "—from the stalls) which might have come out of Bond Street, the appearance and miming of Hercules is comically unsubtle. Nevertheless, despite some childishness and an occasionally indeterminate choreography this ballet has charm and variety. It is certainly worth seeing again.

"The Plainsman," at the Plaza

If the Cinema were a more formal art or if this were a slightly less representational film, one might accept its improbabilities more easily. As it is, Mr. Gary Cooper's attempt to graft on to his own personality a character as noble as Don Quixote and as proud and loveless as Coriolan made an audience accustomed to his common-sense ways acutely anxious. First anxious, and then, when it became clear that the hero was a rational being no more, caused them, not to shout (for the audience at the Plaza is always refined) but at least to communicate to their neighbours the kind of advice that heroes of Victorian melodramas must have come to expect. As the young lady in *Three Men on a Horse* exclaimed, there's nothing so ruthless as a good movie. And this one was meant to be good and inexorable. Mr. Gary Cooper has a reference to *Cimarron* and Mr. de Mille has more than one. The plains of western America were made to gallop over, and the charge of General Custer's horse, to muted but martial music, is a sweet sight. Miss Jean Arthur is anachronistic if not apocryphal as Calamity Jane, the Buffalo Bill Girl. Her special line of charm has not been so well put over since *Public Hero No.* 1. *The Plainsman* is the wild west formula with nobs on. Its moral is interesting, though presumably accidental. The Washington government sends its demobilised soldiers to settle in the West and then sells the Indians rifles to blot them out with. One might expect this from Russia. From Tory Hollywood it is a bit of a shock.

"Theodora Goes Wild," at the Regal

A fate that has been threatening the nonchalant young sprig ever since *It Happened One Night* is here seen overtaking Mr. Melvyn Douglas. And, nice as Mr. Douglas is, we think there will be few people who will be sorry to see the character he plays as the object rather than the subject of reckless irresponsibility—to see sophisticated New York circles being made as uncomfortable for him as he made a gossip-ridden New England township for Miss Irene Dunne. Miss Dunne, who so outsparks this spark, has become quite a comedienne, and gives an imitation of Zasu Pitts, too. This film has all the makings of a pleasant evening, all you need to bring to it is the memory of a good dinner and the right frame of mind.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, February 13th—
F.P.S.I. Conference on " Law Reform and Civil Liberties," " Shornells," Bostall Heath, S.E.2; and February 14th.

SUNDAY, February 14th—
Joseph McCabe on " The Red Pope, Pius XI." Conway Hall, 11.
Harold J. Laski, G. D. H. Cole and others on " Problems of Unity and the People's Front," Labour Monthly Conference, Battersea Town Hall, 11–6.30.
J. F. Horrabin on " Socialism and the Empire," 86 Rochester Row, S.W. 1, 8.

MONDAY, February 15th—
British Industries Fair, London and Birmingham. Till 26th.
O.U.D.S. in " Macbeth " (with Margaret Rawlings as Lady Macbeth), New Theatre, Oxford. Till 20th.
Dr. Thos. Balogh on " The Economic Problem and World Peace," Essex Hall, 6.15.
A. Kohn on " International Labour in the World War," A.E.U. Hall, 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.

TUESDAY, February 16th—
Prof. Arthur Newell on " America and a Next War," Friends' House, 1.20.
John Langdon-Davies on " In Spain To-day," Conway Hall, 7.
G. P. Gooch on " The Outlook in Europe," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
J. B. S. Haldane on " Facts and Theories concerning Human Race Differences," University College, 8.
" Suspect," St. Martin's.
" The Ripening Wheat," Royalty.
The Hon. Anthony Asquith on " The Development of the Cinema," First Edition Club, 8.30.

WEDNESDAY, February 17th—
Debate between John Strachey and Rev. Vincent McNabb on " Communism or Distributism," Central Hall, S.W.1, 7.30.
W. Arnold Forster on " What are These Armaments For ? " Conway Hall, 8.
" Wise To-morrow," Lyric.

SINGLE SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

officially recommended during winter by

HILLMAN

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the first half of the eighteenth century Mr. Richard Wynne, one of the landed gentry, was left a widower and hurried off to Italy where he consoled himself with a partly Greek Venetian girl of low degree. They had a family and eventually married, legitimising the eldest girl. After Mr. Wynne's death his widow (now a devout Catholic) set off with her children for England to claim the property, but they were delayed in Paris, where they fell in with Casanova. Readers of the Memoirs may perhaps recall Miss X. C. V., otherwise Justiniana Wynne, who might very easily have married the immensely rich and old *fermier general*, La Popelinière, had not his relatives discovered in time that she was already with child by a Venetian lover. Bruno Brunelli has made Justiniana Wynne the heroine of a volume with the rather odd title of *Casanova Loved Her*, since a large number of gentlemen have far greater claims to have done so before she married Count Orsini-Rosenberg, the Austrian Ambassador at Venice, after which there began a ludicrous search for the thirty-two quarterings necessary to enable her to be presented at the Court of Maria Theresa. Casanovians are an ardent race and it will no doubt surprise them to discover that Justiniana's real interest is not as the heroine of various love-affairs, but as an aunt—for as such we meet her in the Diaries of Betsey and Eugenia, the daughters of her younger brother Richard, which are now in process of being published. I missed the first volume of *The Wynne Diaries* edited by Anne Freemantle (Oxford, 10*s.* 6*d.* a volume), but have gained by being able to read volumes 1 and 2 together, and I most strongly recommend them to everyone who is interested in getting a picture of Europe at the time of the French Revolution. The diaries begin in 1789 when Betsey is ten and Eugenia nine, and we are plunged at once into a world of tutors, music masters and aristocrats, who are continually ill, continually drunk, continually quarrelling and continually in high spirits. Richard Wynne, their father, in the intervals of the gout, is always playing tricks which are not always appreciated. He dirtied the governess's dog over whose toilette she had taken great trouble and glued a bat to the dancing master's looking-glass, so that he should see it instead of his own reflection, while his daughters put stinging nettles in people's beds and solemnly buried a tooth of their mother's in the garden. There are lots of "the loveliest and maddest of balls, mascarades, changing of sex, tumbling of women and men onto the floor—" with the little girls staying up till after midnight though sometimes they noted that: "All the people stank terribly and kept tumbling down." Their aunt Countess Rosenberg and her last lover, the ex-jesuit Benincasa, were well to the front in these diversions.

* * *

But soon certain earth-shaking rumblings are to be heard. The King of France is reported to have been killed, to have fled in safety, to be in the hands of the mob. The Wynnes travelled to Switzerland and the Tyrol and in an evil moment decided to share a Château with the Marquis de Bombelle and his family, French refugees. The news from France got steadily worse and worse, and the little girls were soon heartily sick of having to go about with long faces each time that the French Royal Family was reported to have been executed. As the years went by the Wynne girls began to hate the French refugees by whom they were surrounded: silly, proud, vain pigs who had a genius for doing the wrong thing and for quarrelling with each other. Nothing is more striking than the way in which the younger Wynne girls, whose mother was French and whose father was half-Italian, persisted in being English and feeling themselves superior to the "insufferable little apes" with whom they lived. It was a healthy instinct for self-preservation which made them cling to their father's secure but little-known world instead of being absorbed by their dangerous rackety environment. No doubt the constant friction in the large mixed household helped to account for it. Things went wrong with the servants: four cooks had to leave in succession as they were with child and the valets beat each other in the kitchen. Moreover the Swiss peasants became more and more hostile to the Château full of French refugees, and at the end of Vol. 1, when Betsey was fifteen, the Wynnes and the de Bombelles found it advisable to move to Ratisbon.

* * *

It is the world of refugees. They went cheerfully to a ball which cost them thirty guineas a head while Mamma's parents in Lyons were dying of starvation on a diet of frozen potatoes. On every page one is reminded of the world of White Russians and Spanish grandees—but there is a background of eighteenth century idealism which has vanished. Ratisbon had not changed much since Gentle George Etherege was ambassador, but they went to a ball where the Princess represented the Genius of Philosophy, "drest in white with a blue mantle and a diamond girdle, a long veil and a white garland of flowers on her head, her long black hair falling loose on her shoulders, and in her hand a golden lamp to search for the True Philosophy (that of Count Hohenthal)." There was a final row between the servants, Mr. Wynne and the Marquis nearly fought a duel and the families separated—to the joy of Betsey and her sisters. A censorious note creeps into Betsey's diary: when her elder sister was overcome "by an unfortunate passion for a certain Barbaro" she reflected:

> It is too humiliating that all the women of Papa's family should have lost their character in such a way, and that must make us, more than anyone else, be scrupulous for the least thing and *keep an irreproachable conduct.*

She was not at all in the mood for following her aunt's example and confiding in another Casanova.

* * *

The censorious tone continues when she enters Italy, where the dirt horrifies her, though when she played the harpsichord "these apes of Italians are transported at my talent."

> The Marchessa Strozzi is the greatest fool and ridiculous figure. She wears a wig, has false teeth . . . besides she is a *bad woman.*

Just as she was beginning to feel at home in Florence with Beckford's daughter, a girl of her own age, and Madame Fantastici, "not at all an affected woman," they suddenly had to move on. "The duced French make such progress" and Papa was very much frightened. The result was blissful—one can only hope that such bliss is attending young ladies evacuated from Spain—the Wynnes were taken on board the *Inconstant* and "Captain Freemantle pleases me more than any man I have yet seen." The Captain and Betsey fell in love, and after a period of agonising indecision, during which the Wynnes were guests on various British ships, they were married from the house of Lady Hamilton, in Naples. Betsey immediately went on board the *Inconstant* and several months were happily spent in cruising up and down for prizes and in entertaining Nelson and other brother officers. At the unfortunate attack on Teneriffe, Freemantle was very badly wounded in the arm at the same time that Nelson lost his—and the wounded friends returned in the same ship to England. Some months later Betsey presented her husband with a bouncing son, and the volume ends with the arrival of the Wynne family in England. Mrs. Freemantle has edited these delightful volumes admirably. I should like to suggest that the Lord Duar whose identity puzzled her was MacClean of Duart.

DAVID GARNETT

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30*s.* 0*d.*
Six Months ,, ,,	15*s.* 0*d.*
Three ,, ,, ,,	7*s.* 6*d.*

All communications relating to the above should be addressed to

The Manager,
THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

JUST OUT

THE PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC FROM AERIAL ATTACK

By a Group of Cambridge Scientists

PUBLISHED TODAY

A devastating exposure, based on careful experiments, of the Government's misleading nonsense about gas-proof rooms, etc. Of the utmost importance. 2/6 (Left Book Club —Topical Book—1/-)

AN ATLAS OF EMPIRE

By J. F. Horrabin

Seventy maps, each with a facing page of text. A concise illustrated catalogue of colonial possessions—invaluable for fighters against imperialism & for those who wish to take an intelligent part in the discussion on German colonial claims. 3/6 (Left Book Club—Additional Book—1/3)

RAW MATERIALS OR WAR MATERIALS?

By Dr. Plummer

Vice-Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford

An examination & dismissal of the German "raw materials" claim. The only up-to-date book on the subject. 3/6 (Left Book Club —Additional Book—1/3)

THE PARIS COMMUNE OF 1871

By Frank Jellinek

The first considerable English book on this epic, the study of which was invaluable to the makers of the Russian Revolution, & which has most important lessons for Spain today. 8/6 (Left Book Club—Choice—2/6)

PROPERTY & IMPROPERTY

By J. A. Hobson

"A superb essay on our present discontents & a helpful indication of the one way of dealing honestly with them"—*H. J. Laski* (*Manchester Guardian*). 4/6

FORWARD from LIBERALISM

By Stephen Spender

"There is a possibility that this book may, & I hope it will, exercise a greater influence over the political opinions of the younger generation than any one publication since the war" —*New Statesman*. 7/6 (Left Book Club —Choice—2/6)

NAZI CONSPIRACY IN SPAIN

"Documents . . . of great general interest, for what is true of the Nazis in Spain is true of them everywhere. The unsettled state of Spain made their work easier than it is in, say, England or France, but their essential methods & purpose are alike in all countries. The book under review is therefore a most instructive compilation that should be studied by everyone interested in the 'new Germany'" —*F. A. V.* (*Manchester Guardian*). 5/- (Left Book Club—Topical Book—2/-)

HITLER'S DRIVE TO THE EAST

By F. Elwyn Jones

"Nazi eyes are turned eastwards. The Fuehrer schemes to bring the countries of Central Europe, from Czechoslovakia to Rumania, within his Fascist Empire. The working of the plot is sharply outlined in 'Hitler's Drive to the East,' by F. Elwyn Jones. Author reveals how newspapers & their editors are bought, how corrupt politicians are subsidised, how terrorist & reactionary groups are trained, financed, & armed by National Socialist Germany"— *Reynolds News*. 2/6

GOLLANCZ

14 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN W.C.2

NEW NOVELS

The Other Side. By STEPHEN HUDSON. *Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Burmese Silver. By EDWARD THOMPSON. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Sisters. By MYRON BRINIG. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Plaque with Laurel. By M. BARNARD ELDERSHAW. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Bruiser. By JIM TULLY. *Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Though a future historian may find it hard to say much that is complimentary of the good feelings and good intentions of the present decade, he will at least make an exception for the modern novel. But the credit he allows will be on the humanitarian, rather than on the strictly aesthetic, side. From the political point of view (he will explain) prospects grew darker and darker; yet, while greed, violence and self-interest seemed to increase and multiply in every quarter of the globe, the great army of novelists —and, by 1920, all educated adults were, either actually or potentially, writers of fiction—continued to display a touching and solicitous interest in the characters, habits, nervous tricks, intimate emotions and sexual peculiarities of their fellow men. Thus, it was not uncommon (he may add) for talented scions of the upper classes to spend months on end reconstructing the emotional vicissitudes of some depressed and depressing member of a down-trodden proletariat, while celebrated dramatic critics would return the compliment by drawing full-length fancy portraits of imaginary peers. There was not a trade, however humble, not a situation, however sordid, into which the inquisitive sympathy of these early twentieth-century writers failed, sooner or later, to worm its way. By modern standards—indeed, even by the standards of that disturbed and chaotic period—the work that they produced was seldom particularly distinguished; yet through their books ran a strain of humanitarianism, especially striking because it was very often unaccompanied by any real talent. And then, consider the wealth—one might almost say, the superfluity—of information they have left behind! In certain passages —for example, in their descriptions of amorous interviews and their celebrations of the physical excellences of young women: most twentieth-century novelists had a breast-complex—they tended to follow a stereotyped pattern. But, elsewhere, their gift of observation—sharpened, it may be, by the fact that the vast majority endured existences so profoundly boring that observation or gossip was their sole resource—is remarkable for its microscopic carefulness. Thanks to them, there is scarcely a detail of the contemporary scene that a modern historian cannot re-invoke with hideous exactitude.

Judged from this hypothetical viewpoint, each of the novels under review deserves at any rate an *alpha minus*; for each is honest, each is carefully written, each is concerned with an interesting subject and does its best to convey that interest to the reader. Reverting, for a moment, to literary standards, I should say that Mr. Stephen Hudson's *The Other Side* emerged head and shoulders above the rest of the group. Here is the story of a simple-minded English boy, brought up among horses and dogs, who is transported at his father's whim to the America of fifty years ago. Richard's uncle is the president of an important railroad corporation; and, travelling in his uncle's wake, he visits both New York—not the Babylonian city of to-day, all convenience and no comfort, all exhilaration and no contentment, but the more ramshackle metropolis of the last century—and the ugly stirring townships of the Middle West. Richard Kurt's impressions are naive, direct and vivid. After a while, he settles down in Middle-Western Cliftonburg and becomes involved in the feverish atmosphere of speculation and peculation that surrounded the growth of the great railroads. He experiences the decaying charm of New Orleans and enjoys a brief, unsatisfied, yet strangely satisfactory, love affair with a friend's mistress.

Mr. Hudson's treatment of this episode is unusually well done. There are passages in which, speaking through the mouth of a supposedly unsophisticated narrator, he emits a distinctly mature judgment; yet, on the whole, his sense of poetry and his sense of verisimilitude preserve an extremely exact balance; and the reader slips from page to page, hardly conscious—so smoothly does the narrative unfold—that he is concerned with a work of contemporary fiction. *Burmese Silver* is fiction through and through. I respect Mr. Edward Thompson for his generous love of humanity, his championship of human freedom, his advocacy of all that helps to distinguish human life from the nightmare of the parade ground or the jungle; yet, while I read his novels, I am frequently pulled up by his lapses into sentimentality, and, now and then, into journalistic bathos. How I wish—to quote a single passage—that, when the two sportsmen meet on page 37, instead of telling us that they have stopped to have a drink (which would have commanded every decent reader's sympathy), Mr. Thompson, in a phrase reminiscent of the parish magazine, had not interposed "an interval for liquid refreshment"! *Burmese Silver* is a right-minded and not unentertaining book, written in a somewhat woolly and sentimental manner. The ideas that it expresses are lively and modern: the story and style need considerable refurbishing.

A reminiscence of Conrad pervades the narrative. Clive Powell of the I.C.S. learns, when he retires from the service, that he is doomed by an incurable disease. His wife is dead; and Powell, with a pension but nothing to do and very little will to live, decides to visit a one-time colleague, since disgraced, who has now established himself as an independent potentate somewhere among the forests and mountain ranges of the Burmese hinterland. Mr. Thompson writes better as a prose-poet than as an author of dramatic fiction. He supplies a memorable and moving account of the journey up a long Burmese river—of the beauty of its changing landscape, its midnight and its midday moods; but, personally, I found the story of his adventures at the White Rajah's capital—complicated by the presence of two villainous Englishmen, an exquisite half-caste Princess and a Chinese emissary—at once tedious and entirely unconvincing. The background is exotic and the colours are bright; but it is the sort of thing that they do more capably in a Hollywood studio.

By comparison, *The Sisters* seems solid and actual. Solid it certainly is as regards bulk; for it runs to more than six hundred pages. Yet, although it is long-drawn, the effect (if one approaches the book in a not-too-critical frame of mind) is rarely dull, and the story, though it includes familiar touches, makes easy reading. Mr. Brinig has plunged into American history and has pulled up three women and attached to each large fragments of the contemporary scene against which she moved. The novel is divided, neatly and systematically, between Louise, Grace and Helen. Daughters of a small American pharmacist, they are destined—not, perhaps, for "great things"—but for careers considerably more exciting than the modest, conservative lives led by their mother and father, two of them being represented as downright beauties, while third—Grace—has her "head screwed on the right way" and manages to capture the son of a prosperous businessman. Louise throws in her lot with a drunken journalist. He deserts her; she goes through the horrors of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, is nursed back to health in a brothel, and eventually becomes enamoured of the Jewish proprietor of a local department store. Helen—more ambitious and more volatile—marries a middle-aged, paunchy but good-natured millionaire. She migrates to New York, is gracefully unfaithful to her millionaire, and ends life as one of those charming, indefatigable American women whose husbands form a dim and legendary procession across the decades, title succeeding title and fortune, fortune.

What makes *The Sisters* really interesting is the plenitude of local colour and contemporary detail with which Mr. Brinig has contrived to load every crevice. I was not particularly moved by the sisters themselves; but I could not help enjoying these glimpses of a small Western town, of New York when horse-trams still jingled along its streets, of San Francisco in the days of the Barbary Coast. Mr. Brinig writes well, in a leisurely and, here and there, slightly sentimental style. Miss M. Barnard Eldershaw—or rather, Miss Barnard and Miss Eldershaw, the two novelists who have decided to pool their talents in a series of books—are simpler, brisker and more concise. But *Plaque With Laurel* demands a preliminary effort. No one who has happened to attend a literary gathering—no one who, like the present writer, has ever contemplated between fifty and a hundred poets assembled in the same room—can repress a shudder at the idea of a novel woven round a congress of Antipodean writers, even when he learns that these "writers," so-called, include columnists, daily journalists and fashion editresses. Still, there it is. And, granted the essential grimness of the subject—heaven knows how many brothers of the pen and little sisters of the typewriter all trundling off for some kind of celebration to the new Australian capital at Canberra—the authoresses have produced a surprisingly enjoyable book. The interactions of the various personages are acutely studied: the method employed is quiet, yet clear and effective.

Another Old Wives' Tale

'Yes, he used to go on the razzle night after night, but since we started keeping Greys in the house nothing will induce him to stir out.'

H'm . . . . . would a Greys keep *you* in? Well, well, in a world of attractions, counter-attractions, and behind-the-counter attractions, cigarettes have their place, and Greys are merely very good cigarettes.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

Footnote. — Twenty ordinary cigarettes a day, says a doctor, can do a smoker no harm. The trouble is that, judging by what one reads, there is hardly such a thing as an ordinary cigarette . . . except Greys.

ISSUED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO. LTD., ASSOCIATE OF GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

ELECTRICAL SHARES RISE BY 76%

An investment of £100 at the beginning of 1935 equally spread over the ordinary shares of the Companies included in the Trust would at the end of 1936 have been worth £176. The Electrical Industries Trust enables the public to invest sums of approximately £50 upwards over a range of 41 Companies operating in this attractive field.

Under the Trust Deed, powers are delegated to the Managers which provide the element of "flexibility" desirable in a Trust confined to one industry. The Companies included in the permitted list have been selected by experts after careful consideration of their past record, their present financial position and the possibilities of future developments and earning capacity.

Holders who purchased at the opening of the Trust in March 1936 have received a gross income equivalent to £4 9s 0d. per cent. per annum; and on the basis of current prices the Managers estimate that the annual return to certificate holders will be in the neighbourhood of **4% gross from cash dividends** with recurring share bonuses in addition. Units may be bought or sold through any stockbroker or bank.

ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES TRUST

Trustees:

GENERAL ACCIDENT FIRE & LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

Bankers:

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

● *Full information will be found in handbook NS.9 which is the basis of all transactions. It will be sent free on application to the Managers:—*

ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUST LTD.
165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2. NATional 4931

Members of the Unit Trusts Association

CVS—27

Mr. Tully's book belongs to the sentimental-staccato school. It is dedicated to Jack Dempsey, "my fellow road-kid," and on the dust-cover Mr. Dempsey is quoted as remarking that, "if I had the punch in the ring that my comrade, Jim Tully, has in *The Bruiser*, I would still be the world's heavyweight champion." This is exceedingly nice of Mr. Dempsey; but I am afraid that both Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Burnett could secure a decision from any competent literary referee before the end of the first round. Mr. Tully has not yet learned the trick of the short sentence. Nevertheless, to those who, after the political and literary sections of a paper, often turn with a feeling of relief to the dry bracing atmosphere of the sporting or financial page, I recommend this strenuous story of a prize-fighter's life—its ups and downs, its horrid catastrophes and its dazzling successes. The book is readable, racy and ingenuous from start to finish. It can be recommended for a wet week-end or a tiresome train journey.

PETER QUENNELL

POE

Edgar Allan Poe. By EDWARD SHANKS. *Macmillan.* Men of Letters Series. 6*s*.

One of the arts of reading is to neglect the right author at the right moment. Do not, for example, read too much Byron at a stretch, or your opinion of him may fall heavily; when you are inclined to be contemptuous, turn to such exquisite flowering of Byronism as Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time*. Much of Byron's importance as a writer lies in his influence on others, and we should be unfair if we ignored it. The half-failures in literature can be fascinating to read occasionally and to read round. Unlike the real masters, they have more originality than talent; they tantalise and disappoint; for that reason they should not be read persistently. James Thomson will rise steadily in the estimation of anyone who does not put *The City of Dreadful Night* too often to the test. Can one quote a single memorable stanza from that poem? No; and yet as a whole it haunts the memory. Until some greater poet than Thomson finishes what he began we shall continue to read him with exasperated pleasure.

Poe's case is rather different. Since his death he has become popular as the poet of a few recitation pieces and the originator of the detective story. In literature he has been so superseded that one can absorb him without ever reading a line of his writings. Byron at least persists in spite of his successors, but what is there left of Poe? His stories are better read in French; his poems, despite precedence in time to Baudelaire, Verlaine and others, seem to belong rather to the hangover of the nineties. *Ulalume* still has admirers who would persuade us that on one occasion at least Poe succeeded in matching Coleridge; but I can find little in that poem, with its echoes and looming Gothic, to justify the assumption. The horror of Poe's phantoms has largely vanished. Some mysteriousness, particularly of landscape, remains. There are moments in reading Poe—and they are usually the better moments—when we are reminded of De Quincey:

> shadowy long-forgotten bowers
> Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
> Up many and many a marvellous shrine
> Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
> The viol, the violet, and the vine.

A few such fragments escape untouched; the rest has been pasted over by better writers.

Poe had the misfortune to plagiarise the future. Some critics seem to resent bitterly the fact that he came before, and not after, his masters (he can't after all be dismissed); and if one is at all critical it is difficult not to exaggerate his second-rateness. In writing this review I feel that I am probably being unfair; and this is due to my having swallowed in a week-end more Poe than was good for me. Well, I had never really read him before, and Mr. Shanks' book offered the chance. How much better if I had waited until the day when perhaps a voice would have prompted—"Now, I think, we'll read a little Poe." Mr. Shanks himself, I feel sure, has been reading Poe gingerly for years; he takes, at any rate, a balanced view. I recommend his book as an admirably sound piece of criticism which does not overrate its subject or puff the legend of his life.

Poe's work in verse is, even at its best, only poetry desired, seen at a distance and imperfectly realised. Baudelaire, who recognised in Poe a brother, wrestled with the angel and overcame him. The angel escaped from Poe's grasp and we have barely more than a bedraggled feather or two to show that there ever *was* an angel.

True, Mr. Shanks takes a rather more favourable view of the stories; but his quotations, it seems to me, damage his case. They are good, nothing more.

The biographical part of his book—to me the most interesting—is extremely cautious. Poe lied about everything which concerned himself, but the outlines are fairly clear. Mr. Shanks lays some stress on the fact that, with no laws of copyright, it was extremely difficult for an American writer at that time to make a living: one of Poe's dreams had been to establish an "intellectual hierarchy" in America by establishing a magazine of his own. It is doubtful, though, if money would have saved him. He missed most of his chances by being drunk. The drunkenness was only instrumental; for if any man was born with a "will to failure" it was Poe. As Mr. Shanks points out, the parallel with Baudelaire or Verlaine breaks down because they succeeded as artists where he did not. Perhaps, like Baudelaire, Poe discovered the *poète maudit* in himself to compensate for sexual impotence—but he did not also discover the infallible poetry. While his life was as wretchedly fogged as Verlaine's, it lacked the impulse by which he could recover to moments of pure vision. Whether Poe was in fact impotent seems doubtful, though his relations with women—the tutelage of Mrs. Clemm, marriage with a girl of thirteen—suggest it. I wish that Mr. Shanks, who gives a very clear account of Poe's character, had made the comparison with De Quincey rather than Baudelaire. In De Quincey we see a finer artist, also, however, fragmentary in his writing and possessing many of the same weaknesses in a less developed form. Poe drank himself to death, De Quincey took drugs and survived; Poe married a minor, De Quincey a social inferior; both piled up debts, quarrelled with friends and editors, and fled into restless solitude. While for Poe the poetic imagination meant that he was a thundering liar, De Quincey's invention had also its trace of falsehood; many incidents in the autobiographies, including the existence of Ann herself, raise doubt. In their writing, too, they share a taste for the macabre (the East End murders in *Murder as One of the Fine Arts* might be compared favourably with the *Rue Morgue*), for pedantic display and heavy jocularity. Poe lacks De Quincey's charm and learning, and to some extent his talent, but I believe that a sustained comparison would be useful. To turn from either to Baudelaire is to confront a man of iron.

Mr. Shanks notes a certain provinciality and coarseness of mind in Poe which echoed his habits. Two glasses of wine, for example, would deprive him of the aristocratic aloofness which he prized so much, and in public-house company he became a braggart. His death had the appearance of a frightful joke:

> Poe arrived in Baltimore in the middle of an election campaign. It was the pleasant practice of the politicians of Baltimore at that time to commandeer any stray fragment of humanity which could not look after itself and induce it, by means of drink, drugs and violence to vote again and again for the candidates favoured by its captors. Poe was in the right condition to play the part, but this experiment in civics was too much for him. He was rescued on election day, but too late. Four days afterwards he died, apparently in torture.

G. W. STONIER

NATURE OR DUMAS?

Lord Bothwell. By ROBERT GORE-BROWNE. *Cellins.* 15s.
Anne of Austria. By MERIEL BUCHANAN. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

There are two kinds of excitement to be got out of history. Some minds are enthralled purely by that which is. The actual seems to them infinitely richer, more satisfying, more aesthetic, in short, than any of the flimsy rearrangements of conscious art. But most people take a more Platonic view of the subject: they respond to fragments of the Idea in it, and feel bored or thwarted by the interstices. Either approach may be justified; nature is a very good thing, so is Dumas. You can't have both.

And the worst of it is that our Dumasesque idealists, infected by the snobbery of the age, have grown timid. They try to serve God and Mammon, they nearly all pay at least lip-service to what a distinguished Cambridge philosopher is fond of describing as "mere matters of fact."

Take Mr. Gore-Browne. He spent seven years, we are told, on this life of Bothwell, and it seems to me that he was only collecting the *pièces justificatives* (which no one, after all, would have asked for) of a magnificent swashbuckling romance, which he has neglected to write. What he now offers is very lively in manner, but so appallingly inchoate that I fear it will take a

MACMILLAN

National Income and Outlay
By COLIN CLARK, M.A.
University Lecturer in Statistics, Cambridge. 12/6
An up-to-date study of our national finances. "Is likely to be the standard work in this field for many years to come."—*Economist.*

Essays in The Theory of Employment
By JOAN ROBINSON, M.A.
Author of "The Economics of Imperfect Competition." 8/6
The methods of Mr. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* are here applied to particular questions. The essays discuss such problems as: causes of inflation; influence of mobility of labour upon employment; effect upon unemployment of raising school leaving age and shortening the working day, etc.

The Economic System in a Socialist State
By R. L. HALL
Lecturer in Economics, Trinity College, Oxford. 7/6
Socialists are apt to assume that co-ordination will be retained in a new economic order without deliberate organisation of an alternative system. This book deals with the conditions which will have to be satisfied by such a system.

An Essay on Economy and Value
Being an Enquiry into the Real Nature of Economy
By ALEC L. MACFIE
Lecturer in Political Economy, Glasgow University. Author of "Theories of the Trade Cycle." 7/6
"Fertile in illustration, provocative in thought, courteous in his controversial manner and full of contagious enthusiasm."—*New Statesman.*

Augustus Cæsar
A Personal Study
By DR. BERNARD M. ALLEN
M.A. (Oxon.), LL.D. (Toronto). Author of "Gordon and the Sudan," etc. 8/6
This book is published in anticipation of the celebration next autumn of the bi-millenary of the birth of Augustus. It presents a picture of the Emperor himself, and shows how he rose to be the greatest figure in the world of his day.

Talleyrand
By COMTE DE SAINT-AULAIRE
formerly French Ambassador to Great Britain (1920-1924)
Translated by George Fréderic Lees and Frederick J. Stephens. 15/-
This book is primarily a sketch of a remarkable personality, and is intended for the student of affairs and those interested in the interplay and history of practical politics. The volume is packed with thought and analogy, and the treatment is masterly.

(All prices are net)
MACMILLAN

Bothwell fan to get through it. And are there any Bothwell fans —except Mr. Gore-Browne? For most of us the interesting thing about Bothwell is and always will be his second wife.

But our attention is claimed for him as a matter of justice: we have set him down a villain, and he was, on the contrary, a fine character. Let us see, then, what Mr. Gore-Browne has made of the principal charge against him—the murder of Darnley.

Kirk o' Field, to begin with, was Darnley's plot. The Protestant lords, far from being in it, were to be victims—along with Mary, if she had not so fortunately recollected that engagement in Edinburgh. But Darnley could not hold his tongue, and so it leaked out. Moray and the rest absented themselves: Bothwell, hearing rumours, went off in the small hours to investigate, and fell in with one of the gang, Sir James Balfour, who immediately ratted, and disclosed everything. "Bothwell, it is easy to guess, would not credit his words, 'See for yourself!' and Balfour gave him the cellar key." Bothwell saw, was horror-struck, and remarking "I'll learn him!" (or words to that effect) promptly blew the house up.

Darnley, meanwhile, had awakened, smelt burning, and rushed out in his nightshirt. So he *must* have known of the gunpowder. The innocent valet who followed him was in no great hurry, as is proved by a contemporary drawing of the tragedy; he took time to arm himself against the cold—with one slipper, and a thing that looks like a hair-net. He did not know where he was going, but "as the 'picture' shows, collected shoes, dressing-gown, even a chair for the invalid to sit on." But these precautions were needless. Darnley ran straight into the arms of the Douglases, who happened to be about, and who at once strangled him.

"Many a man," says De Quincey, "may trace his downfall in life to a murder, of which perhaps he thought little enough at the time." And so with Bothwell; his natural but rash impulse had involved him in dangers from which he saw only one escape—to marry the Queen. He did not care for her, nor did she care for him in the very least. (The Casket Letters, where genuine, were written to Bothwell by a Norwegian mistress.) But a couple of days' durance made her see reason; of course, she had no idea it was Bothwell who had lighted that fuse. When they were safely married, however, he resolved "to be quit of Balfour's blackmail," and told her the secret; whereupon "she cried out for a knife to kill herself." Very properly.

Assuming all the facts, do we quite manage to discern, at this crisis, the loyalist *sans peur et sans reproche* we have been told to look out for?

I cannot understand anyone sitting down on purpose to write a book about Anne of Austria: indeed, even Miss Buchanan seems rather puzzled. Her line is Romance, out and out ("When at his first presentation to her the Englishman bowed over her white, scented fingers he had felt them tremble a little beneath his lips. When his dark fervent eyes swept their bold glance over her loveliness . . ."); but it is no use, reality keeps breaking in. Miss Buchanan works like a slave on her little nobody: clothes her in gorgeous garments, in curls, tears and blushes—the entire outfit: pushes her through coronation, romantic encounter, and political crisis, exclaiming, *sotto voce* (as Marie Bashkirtseff used to exclaim to her own soul), "*Mais éprouve donc quelque chose, sapristi!*": and, after all, cannot restrain a small sigh at the unrewarding material. This little sigh is what I find attractive in *Anne of Austria*.

But was it necessary? Haven't we *The Three Musketeers*?

K. JOHN

THE "LAST POST" OF ORTHODOXY

Economists and the Public. By W. H. HUTT. *Cape.* 15s.

The history of sociological thought moves painfully and gradually with its re-interpretation of our social scenery. Only rarely is any attitude formulated with the profound and majestic momentum of a *magnum opus*. Still more rarely does the appearance of a book on social thought cause us to take stock of our intellectual heritage and to classify an attitude among the major 'isms of the cosmos.

Professor Hutt has succeeded, in this handsome volume, in presenting the attitude of liberal economic orthodoxy towards the contemporary phase of capitalist development in what can only be described as the grand manner. Indeed, well as one may be justified in dismissing his entire thesis as lacking in the essential element of survival value, yet there can be no doubt that his book will remain on our shelves among the handful of others in which our traditions of sociological thinking are gravely inscribed.

The business of the classical school of economists has always been the performance of two functions. In the first place, it has been necessary for them to analyse the working of the economic system as they found it, on the basis of a set of assumptions concerning the institutional mechanism by which scarce means are adapted to ends. A particular set of assumptions, namely, those implied in the phrase competitive capitalism, were necessary, because they alone were adequate to the historical situation, and their logical implications were of clear relevance so long as society continued to adhere to capitalist forms. In the second place, economists had to answer the inevitable questions concerning the goodness or badness of given policies within the historical setting of their day. It was necessary, in other words, that they should make known the ethical principles in accordance with which all policy whatever must be judged. These principles were, and remain, so far as the classical tradition is concerned, those of competitive freedom or "consumer's sovereignty."

Professor Hutt's book is designed to explain the position of the classical economists, both during their heyday before the gradual breakdown of the orthodox Benthamite tradition that commenced in the sixties with John Stuart Mill's eclecticism and at the present day, when economic liberalism squats doggedly in the last ditch of its undecorative history. The first part of the book is concerned with the failure of almost all sections of the public to understand the purely theoretical implications of competitive institutions, even when the ethical background was common to all. Under the aegis of power-thought and custom-thought, whose influence is shattering to the purity of rational thinking, the emotional drive of trade unionists, reformists and conservatives rendered any true understanding of the value of competition impossible, and restrictive movements have gained greater and greater power. At the present day the economic system is cluttered almost irredeemably by monopolistic restrictions of the use of the means of production and of labour by trade unions and big vested interests, and the possibility of a reassertion

£25 £20 £15
and publication

are the prizes offered in the new

NELSON CLASSICS COMPETITION

—simply for writing a 2000-word Introduction to any of 250 titles in the famous "Nelson Classics" Series (which includes, at 1s. 6d. each, most of the masterpieces of English literature). Dorothy L. Sayers and L. A. G. Strong are among the judges. Booksellers have full particulars, and can supply free a detailed competition prospectus, showing exactly what has to be done. £25 is not to be despised—and this announcement will not be repeated here—so ask at a bookshop for the prospectus soon. Or get it sent post free from Dept. H/3,

THOS. NELSON & SONS
35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

An Introduction to Economic Analysis and Policy

By J. E. Meade

10/6 net

". . . Mr. Meade's new arrangement of the subject constitutes his book a real contribution to the difficult task of adjusting the 'shape' of economic theory to the needs and interests of the twentieth century. . ."—G. D. H. COLE.

The Trade Cycle

By R. F. Harrod

10/- net

". . . Nobody who aspires to a scientific understanding of the trade cycle should on any account miss his book. . . ."—*Economist.*

". . . This is a book of the most profound interest and importance. It will beyond question take its place alongside the recent work of Mr. Keynes. . . ."—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS in *The Tablet.*

The Social Contract

By J. W. Gough

12/6 net

". . . A really useful students' handbook which should be widely read in Universities and adult classes. . . ."—HAROLD LASKI.

The Wynne Diaries

Edited by Anne Fremantle

Vol. II. 1791-1798

10/6 net

". . . It can hardly be that there is any parallel to the account of life in the fleet in 1797 and 1798 written by this young woman who shared it. . . . Mrs. Fremantle must give us her third volume as soon as possible. . . ."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

W. P. Schreiner

By Eric Walker

21/- net

". . . A book consistently worthy of the high-minded man who is its subject. . . ."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Oxford University Press

Ready on Monday

ERIC PARTRIDGE'S

Dictionary of Slang &

Unconventional English

1016 *pages* 42*s. net*

Slang and Colloquialisms, Vulgarisms and Solecisms, Language of the Underworld, Nicknames and Catchphrases, Naturalised Americanisms.

This really is a "monumental" work. Useful for reference, fascinating to *read* as a sidelight on the history of social life in Britain. It represents a lifetime's observation of colloquial speech and must be one of the most remarkable single-handed feats of lexicography on record.

A Covey of Partridge

To celebrate the appearance of the dictionary, Mr. Partridge has prepared a miscellaneous anthology of his writing, literary and historical, essays, short stories, etc., which is being published on Monday. 8*s.* 6*d. net*

Barefoot through Mauretania

ODETTE DU PUIGAUDEAU

The experiences of two adventurous Frenchwomen who travelled rough across the Western Sahara.

Observer: "Acute and unusual observation of primitive peoples . . . intelligence and life."

Illustrated 12*s.* 6*d. net*

New Zealand from Within

DONALD COWIE *Illustrated* 10*s.* 6*d. net*

Personal impressions, adventures, anecdotes, etc., skilfully blended with general information about the country and its people so as to form an agreeably readable narrative.

Routledge

of the dispassionate authority of the only reputable school of economists is very slight indeed. Faced by a state of affairs that seems well nigh catastrophic for the theorist of pure equilibrium analysis and the supporter of liberal values, Professor Hutt bravely appeals for a revival of economic enlightenment. Restrictions should be broken down, monopolies and trade unions eliminated and competitive equalitarian forces set free to exploit the natural resources of society to the full. The losers in the struggle for freedom should be compensated and the change should take place without disturbing the normal expectations of all classes more than is technically and politically expedient.

So much for the general scheme of the book. It will, of course, meet with fierce criticism from all sides. Perhaps the most important technical criticism concerns the economics of monopoly. The criterion of consumer's sovereignty demands that the prices of goods and services should be determined *impersonally*, according to the free play of supply and demand working through competition. Any element of monopoly brings into play a *personal* exploiting element which must, says Professor Hutt, be eliminated. Yet the technical economies of large-scale production may well render the " equilibrium " size of the firm incompatible with the assumptions of competition. What then ? Professor Hutt argues as though the ordinary Cambridge conception of economic welfare, or " better-offness," were not seriously in conflict with the classical conception of consumer's sovereignty. But if the criterion of " cheaper goods " demands semi-monopolistic institutions, then how can this criterion be reconciled with the impersonal values of consumer's sovereignty ? This point seems crucial to the whole classical tradition, and I do not see that Professor Hutt has dealt with it, unless he insists that it is better for people to be competitively " free " than " better off."

The major non-technical criticism, however, is with regard to Professor Hutt's attitude to history. The position of the economist of the classical tradition is to-day indeed unenviable. He is faced with the alternatives either of adhering to a set of values to which it is highly unlikely that society will continue even to give lip service, or of burning his boats and accepting boldly the values of a new age. Professor Hutt denies the possibility of any such values, which, of course, is convenient for him. Yet new values will certainly arise, and they will be the values, not so much of consumer's sovereignty as of a different kind of freedom in the performance of work. The conditions of security and inspiration in work will become of greater importance than the maximisation of such satisfactions as may derive from a proximately competitive world. The values of economic liberalism were conditioned by the technical and institutional landscape of the early nineteenth century. The values of the future will be quite otherwise conditioned. Professor Hutt possesses the intellectual vigour with which to grasp this shifting necessity, but the generosity of his heart is insufficient either to embrace it with impatience or to reject it with vehemence. He has written an important book, but no modern imagination can be kindled by his vision.

RICHARD TERRELL

Metropolitan Man

The Future of the English

By ROBERT SINCLAIR

90,000 future suicides are walking the streets of London to-day —1 in 3 Londoners dies in a workhouse — these are two of many alarming facts brought to light in this challenging book. It analyses every aspect of urban life, from marriage to murder, from babies to beer, from taxis to tuberculosis. It is an urgent document, an exposure of needless death in English homes, of administrative chaos in English towns and muddle in English business.

10s. 6d. *net*

George Allen & Unwin

OUR CIVIL SERVICE

The British Civil Servant: Studies by Eleven Experts. Edited by WILLIAM ROBSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

There have been two Civil Services in this country. The first began, I may guess roughly, in the days of Chaucer, poet and Collector of Customs. Throughout its long life it included many poets in its ranks ; notably Spenser and Milton. It was a loosely organised body, with its methods of recruitment shrouded in mystery. It found jobs for talents that would otherwise have starved, and it remembered the plight of the younger sons of noble families, and the bastards of royalty. It kept short hours, it did a bit of nest-feathering, and its long tradition of leisurely semi-professionalism gave rise to the legend of the " fountains in Trafalgar Square."

That picturesque Civil Service officially came to an end in 1870, when Gladstone instituted recruitment by open competitive examination and tentatively began to abolish privilege. The new Civil Service began, the Service which has become an envied tradition throughout the world ; a body of hard-working, disinterested people, disciplined in a faith half-stoical, half-spartan, content to achieve without praise or special reward, and assured of a safe competence.

Actually the two Civil Services overlapped until the beginning of the last war. Throughout the nineteenth century every Government office had quiet nooks where the official duties were negligible, shelters where sat poets, novelists, scholars, musicians, and other such who all managed to carry on these higher and more personal vocations within the office walls, wakened only from their private enthusiasms by the striking of Big Ben at lunch-time and at four o'clock. I could recall many names now famous : Lamb, Hewlett, Dobson, Gosse, Trollope, etc.

But with the war, and its grim economies, followed by the socialisation (usually by Conservative Governments) of so much of the national life, this old Civil Service of leisure, a bower of the arts, disappeared. It was replaced by a magnificent bureaucratic machine, a child of the Fabian technique, whose formidable efficiency is everywhere apparent in public life. The Post Office, the Inland Revenue, the Ministries of Labour and Health, the Home Office are examples of this organisation in which every servant, from the Permanent Secretary down to the one-armed war-pension messenger, is expected to give his utmost during office hours. It is a Service constituted roughly of four strata : the Administrative, the Executive, the Clerical and the Manipulative. There is a savouring in all Departments of professional men and women ; lawyers, doctors, architects, engineers, chemists and so forth. These technicians, however, are kept well in hand by the Administrative, and are treated as little more than machinery.

This present-day Civil Service, no longer a haven for literary men and younger sons, is surveyed in these eleven studies by men who obviously know their subject well. The examination is not detailed department by department. Rightly so, for that would not be useful to the outsider. Most of the ministries are staffed from a central source, the Treasury grades, and one is the same as another, except for its small departmental classes. The main exception is the Customs and Excise, which has a separate means of recruitment with its own entrance examination, and it attracts a type of man appreciably different from the Treasury grades. It is difficult to define the difference, just as it is difficult to say how the personnel of the Navy is different from that of the Army, but the difference can quickly be appreciated by anyone who knows the Service intimately. Indeed, to know the Service thus

GREEN MARGINS

by E. P. O'DONNELL

which has sold over

90,000

in the United States since October, and provides the first

PUBLISHING SENSATION

of 1937, in this Country. 7/6 net.

A BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

"A big book. A book crowded with colour. Wonderfully penetrative and artistically exciting. A full-veined book, extraordinarily fascinating, pregnant with an almost fabulous life."
H. E. BATES

"A powerful book transcending time and space in its depiction of human character."
JULIAN HUXLEY

"The most compelling book I have read this year. I do not think I have ever read anything with such a deep and moving sense of place." **A. J. CRONIN**

"A most unusual and exciting book. 'Sister' has a character of extraordinary interest and fascination . . . the picture of the life is so intensely clear and so rich that the book should have an immense success." **STORM JAMESON**

"In all ways a remarkable novel, long and rich in emotion and colour, and realism and simplicity."
NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN

ASHLEY SMITH

His first book (Short Stories)

CHILDREN with FIRE

"This book is surely part of the tradition of the English short story."
GRAHAM GREENE, in THE SPECTATOR

His first Novel

BRIMMING LAKE

Just Published. 7/6 net.

"Passionately felt, and full of close observation."
ROGER PIPPETT

"Shot through with the beauty which is truth and the truth which is beauty." **YOUNG MARLOW**

"The best novel dealing with working-class life that I have read. Worth really serious consideration."
EDWIN MUIR

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

CARTWRIGHT was a CAD

by T. E. B. CLARKE

Sunday Times

"A robust and highly entertaining piece of satire."

Daily Sketch

"He can make you laugh and laugh. He is the world's most delicious ass and a real tonic."

Manchester Evening News

"Delightful pillorising of good form."

Time and Tide

"Implicit satire. Very funny and very telling."

7/6

JOHN LONG

★ "A really brilliant biography"

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF

ESSEX

by G. B. Harrison

★ "Mr. Harrison . . . has brought Essex to life with almost astonishing fidelity."—*Sunday Mercury.*

"Written with charm and lucidity . . . a distinguished biography."—*Books of To-day.*

With 6 Plates, 15s. net.

"A monumental work"
—Hubert Fitchew (*Sunday Times*).

THE LIFE OF RICHARD

WAGNER VOL. 2

1848 - 1860

Ernest Newman

"Assuredly destined to count among the classics of musical literature . . . engrossing reading."
—Richard Capell (*Daily Telegraph*).

With 12 Plates, 30s. net.

CASSELL

will reveal all sorts of queer things not dealt with in this book; subtle qualities of technique, unexpected ancient grievances, class feuds, noble *esprits de corps*, the evils of safety, the languors of promotion by seniority, the anaemia caused by no possibility of promotion at all, the war of the sexes. The experts do not treat of these matters which make up the character of the Civil Service as a corporation of human nature, though one or two of them throw out a few hints. Only the Civil Servant who has spent years in the machine can understand and point out how these psychological forces affect the establishments and the working of the machine.

The Service consists of nearly four hundred thousand souls. Its head consists of twelve hundred administrative officers, the First Division. Socially speaking, they *are* the Service. The rest are merely rank and file. There is much jealousy, and the quarterdeck guards its privileges and does its best to prevent its ranks being diluted by promotion from below. Just after the war this barrier was broken down, and men from the Executive and Clerical classes (secondary and elementary school products) were given a chance. The result is that a large proportion of the Secretaries, Principal Assistant Secretaries, and Assistant Secretaries now controlling Ministries and running the Cabinet Ministers, consists of men who were once Second Division Clerks or Clerical Officers. But the First Division, through its trade, or rather professional, union, has closed down on that possibility, and now holds a privilege for public school and university men. Sir Ernest Barker, who writes of the First Division, does not deal with this particular little internecine war. Mr. Waldegrave, writing of the lower ranks, hints at it. He shows throughout his essay a sense of reality. He might have shown, however, another interesting social phenomenon; how the Clerical class, recruited from elementary and lower secondary schools, is composed of a more interesting set of people than the Executive class. The latter have swotted for a more difficult entrance examination, and seem to have sacrificed more outside interests. They are more stamped with the official mind, and have less idiosyncrasy. They tend thus toward bureaucratic bias in their work. The best of the Service, in my opinion, founded on twenty-four years spent in the ranks, is found in the top and in the lower grades. The administrative officer and the clerical officer show more humour, more elasticity, more humanity than the puritanical, expert, nose-to-the-grindstone executive middle-grade man.

Mr. Harold Nicolson is particularly interesting on the Foreign Service, that special breed of semi-deified mortal who stands apart from the rest of the Service. The chapters on local government services, semi-public services (all post-war organisms), the technical man in the Service, women in the Service, and the Indian Civil, all deal adequately with their special problems. Indeed, the book may without exaggeration be called a thoroughly sound *outside* survey of one of the greatest wonders of the modern world, a body of people most typical of the best in our English character; amiable, fair-minded, and a bit slow-winded.

RICHARD CHURCH

For the Average Household

The Hay System Menu Book

By DORIS M. L. GRANT. *Foreword by* WILLIAM HOWARD HAY, M.D. 5/- *net*

An entirely new book containing over 400 lunch and dinner menus, with 200 accompanying recipes, classified according as they are protein, starch or alkaline; also 7-day menus for sedentary and active people, for children of school age, etc. Suggestions are also given for breakfasts, light lunches, informal dinner-parties, and suppers, and there are hints on salad dressings, sandwich fillings, the cooking of vegetables, etc. Mrs. Grant is a well-known London cookery expert, and a large number of the recipes are her own inventions and cannot be found in any other cookery book. These recipes for really delicious and original dishes will commend the book to all housewives, whether the Hay System is being followed or not.

4-page prospectus with specimen recipes free from
HARRAP (Dept. NS), 182 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

THE BEST SHORT STORIES, 1561-1604

Elizabethan Tales. Edited with an Introduction by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

Since Mr. O'Brien believes (and he is probably right) that "those who are dimly aware that there are Elizabethan short stories avoid reading them in the firm belief that they are intolerably dull," it is a pity that he did not disguise the origin of the twenty-five he has chosen under a title less forbidding to the timid reader. Too many people, I'm afraid, seeing his collection at the bookseller's, or its title in an advertisement or at the head of a review, will be put off by horrid memories of Eng. Lit. professors (as Mr. Stephen Potter calls them) droning on about Belleforest, and Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Euphuism and the *novelle* of the Italian Renaissance, the "stark realism" of the "popular school" and all the rest of it, not forgetting Shakespeare's debt to Boccaccio; and remembering these things, will make a dash for the moderns. If only Mr. O'Brien had called his book "The Best Short Stories, 1561–1604," and printed the sinister dates in microscopic type, it is possible that many of them would have been deluded into buying a copy and then have discovered how very little they had to fear.

How little, Mr. O'Brien shows in his light-hearted introduction, where he comments briefly on his authors and their tales. But he does not claim that all of them will appeal equally to the modern reader. Indeed, he is honest enough to quote what Anthony à Wood said about his great-uncle Pettie's book of stories: "'Tis so far now from being excellent or fine, that it is more fit to be read by a schoolboy, or rustical amoretto, than by a gent. of mode or language." The kind of gent. who enjoys the modern short story and subscribes to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, would be well advised, I think, to postpone reading such stories in the aristocratic mode or language as Pettie's *Tereus and Progne*, Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, even Barnabe Rich's admirable *Apolonius and Silla*, until he has read Mr. O'Brien's selection of realistic tales. These are the "masterpieces" which Mr. O'Brien has in mind when he says that "the brief generation" of Nashe and Dekker and Deloney "need admit no inferiority in quality to the generation of Kipling and Conrad and Coppard." This is a bold claim, but it is fully supported by the examples he gives of the work of the greatest of all Elizabethan story-tellers—Thomas Deloney.

However interesting it may be to trace the historical continuity of the short story in England from the Venerable Bede onwards, with particular reference to the Elizabethan translators or adaptors of Italian and French romances (the best of whom are well represented here), it was not until Deloney, Nashe, Dekker and Greene began to invent stories about the world they lived in, and about the sort of ordinary men and women they knew, and wrote them in a style to match, in other words easily and colloquially and without borrowed affectations, that the English short story was born. Deloney is astonishingly good. Few of his contemporaries ever succeed in combining, as he does consistently, atmosphere, character and dialogue. I would recommend anyone who is uncertain where to open Mr. O'Brien's selection to begin by reading *Old Cole's End*, an extraordinarily eerie and murky tale, as dramatic as *Macbeth* and as exciting as *Sweeney Todd*; or *Jack of Newbury*, a highly entertaining and subtle sketch of a naughty widow who sets out to seduce her steward and finally succeeds by using him as a hot-water bottle. *The Pranks of Dr. Pinchback*, by Samuel Rowlands, is pure farce, and would not seem very

Some achieve greatness - -

We are told that Poole, the famous tailor, made a practice of helping young men of promise by granting them credit for clothes or even financing them altogether until they had made good. It is said that he financed and dressed Louis Napoleon in his needy days, and that later Napoleon used to invite Poole to stay with him at the Tuileries each year.

Who knows what great men of the future Goss is clothing to-day! Within the circulation of this paper there are names which may one day figure in the history books. But whilst the Gosses may have something of Poole's quality in tailoring it will be more by luck than judgment if they stitch their patterns to some rising star.

In the meantime their policy will be to treat each customer with the deference due to greatness, by which they mean that no matter whether you have achieved greatness or are still waiting for it to be thrust upon you, the Gosses will give you that personal and individual attention which important people generally demand.

The aim of Goss tailoring is to make the highest grade clothes at unusually moderate charges. To materialise this aim the Gosses do the more important work themselves, aided by Mr. Whitehouse, whilst their overhead expenses are minimised by modest premises and the practice of asking all customers, old and new alike, to pay cash on completion of their orders.

More and more NEW STATESMAN readers are giving us the pleasure of serving them, but according to figures published in this journal a week or two ago, there are still quite a few to come! We can assure them of a special welcome and attention.

A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

15 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

'Phone: City 7159

THE LONDON
MERCURY
AND BOOKMAN

Edited by R. A. Scott-James
SHILLING MONTHLY

February includes:

New Portraits of
STEPHEN SPENDER & W. H. AUDEN
by Henry Moore and Mervyn Peake, and other Photogravure and Line Illustrations.

Also Contributions by
GEORGES LAFOURCADE
S. S. KOTELIANSKY
ASHLEY SAMPSON
R. A. DUNCAN
GRAHAM GREENE
ARNOLD PALMER
ROBERT NICOLSON
LADY JULIA PAKENHAM

Poems by
W. H. Davies, Yone Noguchi, Ruth Pitter

Reviews by
Robert Nichols, Dr. W. M. Childs, Ivor Brown, Leonard Woolf, Edith Shackleton, Hugh I'A. Fausset, William Gibson, Austin Clarke, Louis MacNiece, Dilys Powell, etc.

REGULAR FEATURES: Art, Drama, Films, etc.

Advanced Notice:

MARCH

number will include first publication of

BERNARD SHAW'S
Letters and Drawings

written and sent to John Farleigh when he was illustrating "Adventures of a Black Girl in her search for God."

At all stalls ONE SHILLING *and all shops*
Postal subscription 15s. per annum to any address.
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

out of place in *Punch*. Rowlands, like Greene, Nashe and Dekker, is extraordinarily adept at comic, slightly bawdy scenes introducing slangy back-chat. The most outrageous example Mr. O'Brien gives is Greene's slick and dashing parody of *Hero and Leander à la mode de* Yarmouth and Lowestoft. After reading these the gent. of mode or language may find it a little difficult to adjust himself to the dignified and noble manner of Sir Philip Sidney and William Adlington. But the effort is worth making, if it is only to test what Mr. O'Brien says about "the extreme variety" of the Elizabethan short story. For some people at least the effort will be more than repaid by pleasure.

JOHN HAYWARD

FRIENDSHIP THE TEST OF RELIGION

The Structure of Religious Experience. By JOHN MACMURRAY. *Faber and Faber.* 3s. 6d.

> To describe the everyday experience of two people sharing a common life we have had to use such words as fellowship, communion, enmity, estrangement, guilt, forgiveness, reconciliation. These terms, therefore, in their religious usage are quite obviously derived from the universal human experience of the life of personal relationship. . . . All the varied forms in which religion has expressed itself are to be found directly in the forms of such simple and commonplace human relations . . . the paradoxes which have puzzled the minds of theologians and philosophers . . . are merely descriptions of facts which are so common and universal in our daily experience.

This is the key passage to the understanding of Professor Macmurray's three Terry lectures delivered at Yale University last April and now published under the title of *The Structure of Religious Experience*. In them he at last works out the full implications of the conclusion to which he came in his first book, *Freedom in the Modern World*. He decided then that the primary religious experience is the free, unrestrained intimacy of friendship and that ethical philosophy and theology are the intellectual description of what is already achieved in the personal life. The basic idea underlying all his work is that intellectual formulae try to make permanent and intentional experiences that were at first known in the spontaneous impulses of friendship or love. This conviction keeps him serenely simple where other thinkers would become hysterically complex.

The first of these lectures determines the field of religious experience. It shows that while everything is religious in the sense that it should be made to serve human fellowship, it is only in fellowship that we get the "pure" experience of religion. The second lecture describes the self in religious experience. It is easy to see from the quotation above that the self cannot develop except in society, that it cannot come into full consciousness of its meaning except through love. It is the third lecture that readers are likely to find most important. In "The Reference of Religious Ideas" Macmurray explains that religion is falsified when it does not refer empirically to the facts of human friendship. The example is to philosophy what the experiment is to science. A society obsessed with the abstracts is uncreative, obscurantist and sterile unless it adopts an empirical attitude. It is easy to see relating together these two ideas—that friendship is the data of religious ideas and that religious thought should be tested empirically—that real religion is essentially progressive. It requires from politics the conditions necessary for extending that equality without which true human fellowship is impossible. To prove this it need do no more than refer to the common experience of friends.

Professor Macmurray's work is not intense or vivid, neither has it that literary use of metaphor which distinguishes Bergson among the philosophers. Yet his books have many qualities of the work of art. His empirical method of reference to personal experience keeps us near to the sincerity and honesty of his character. When he speaks of "personal relations," or "communion," these bare, scientific words recall to us the profoundest moments of our friendship and love.

Marx discovered that social thinking is determined by the economic structure of society. Professor Macmurray says, more comprehensively, our religious thought is determined by our experience of human fellowship. Economic relations are in effect our compulsory relations to our fellows. Thus Macmurray's principle includes Marx and at the same time guards against the Marxian tendency to State oppression. If the truth in Marx has led to Communism, how much more should the profounder principle of Macmurray lead to.

ROBERT WALLER

"THREE WORLDS AT ONCE I VIEW"

Three Worlds. CARL VAN DOREN. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

Carl van Doren has been a literary Jack-of-all-trades and has mastered many of them. Possessing an encyclopaedic knowledge of earlier American literature, he seems to have read all and known most of the main American writers of this century. As literary editor of the *Nation* and the *Century* he has exercised a wide influence. This book is therefore a sort of transatlantic counterpart to Wells' *Experiment in Autobiography*. The personality of the author is less Protean, and he has not the same passion for tearing off his clothes in public; his private life remains private: but like Wells, van Doren has taken the trouble, in each phase of his life, not only to keep up to date in his awareness of the literary output and "climate of opinion" of his contemporaries, and to know the more fertile among them, but also to be indefatigable in assessing and interpreting those changes. The broad analogy stands. Wells has been more voracious, ranged further; but in the specifically literary field van Dorens' book is as valuable a document for the history of his side of the Atlantic as Wells' book is for that of England. They have each had van Doren's aim, "to understand how different individuals live in the same world and how the same individual changes from one world to another."

The three worlds of his book are those of his early years in a farming community and a small university town, of the war and the period immediately after it (the gaudy, raffish, unsettled years of America's Younger Generation), and of the boom and depression. In the early part of the book he is in control but towards the end he loses grip. He has found it easier to evolve a formula with which he can explain and master the remembered years of childhood and adolescence than to produce one with whose aid he can feel at home in to-day's depressed continent, America.

FIFTY first-class British Securities, each one having tremendous financial resources and each one being a leader in its class, are grouped together to form an investment of impregnable strength. Participation in this scientific spread is made possible by investment in

FIRST PROVINCIAL "RESERVES" Certificates

showing an approximate gross yield of

4¾%

Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd. are Custodian Trustees for purchasers of these Certificates, in which sums of £25 and upwards can be invested. Explanatory booklet (which is the basis of all transactions) obtainable from any Bank, Stockbroker, or write to

FIRST PROVINCIAL FIXED TRUST LTD.

21, Spring Gardens, Manchester 2.

Member of Unit Trusts Association.

Ashburners

"Man's Inhumanity"

Many hundreds of refugees from Germany, innocent of crime, victims alone of "man's inhumanity to man," have little hope of obtaining work or relief except through the good offices of charitable organisations. The Society of Friends has been engaged in relief work since early in 1933 and has assisted many refugees in Paris, London, Prague and in other cities.

Typical Cases

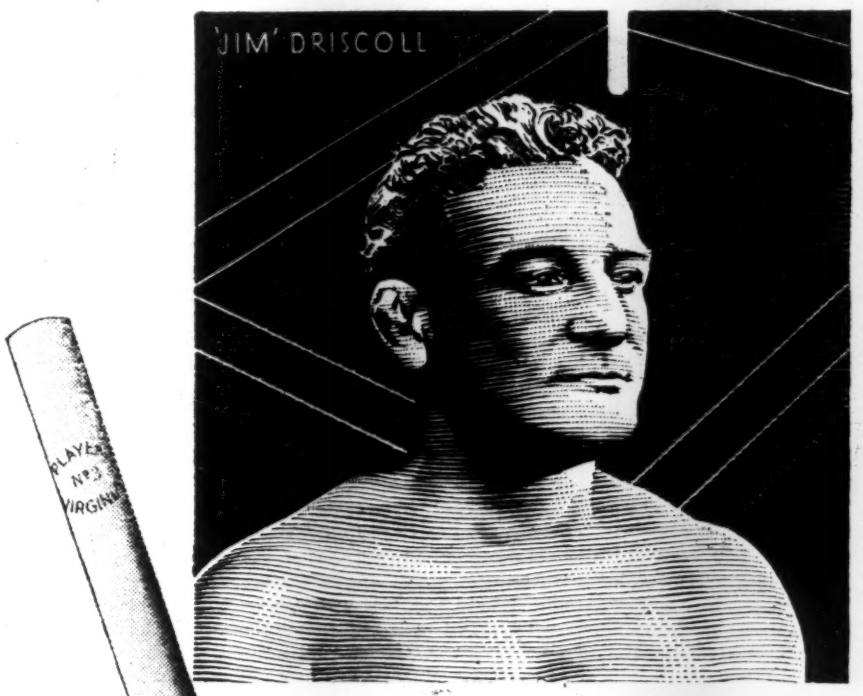
(1). Refugee student from Workers' University in Germany dissolved by Nazi Government. We found him hospitality with the Headmaster of a large school in the North. He was granted aid to take post-graduate course at London School of Economics and gained Carnegie Fellowship in American University.

(2). Young non-Aryan T.U. Clerk, with excellent testimonials, dismissed on account of his Jewish blood. Pure Aryan fiancée elected to follow him into exile. After months of very gallant struggle to live as editor and journalist in London, he was offered possibility of representing good London trading house in Portugal. We made grant towards fares and first three months' maintenance in new country.

(3). Three young men, former German Social Democrats, manual workers, sent to South Africa. All three found work in mines near Johannesburg and are doing well.

PLEASE SEND DONATIONS TO:

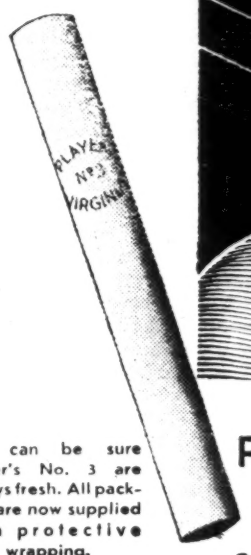
The Society of Friends
GERMANY EMERGENCY COMMITTEE
Room 24, Friends House
EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1



FAMOUS FIGURES

'Peerless' Jim, acknowledged one of the greatest exponents of fistic art, was born 1880. Professional from 1901. Won British Featherweight Championship Belt outright by three successive victories; also European Featherweight Championship in 1912. Greatest fights were with Abe Attell, 1909; Spike Robson, Pal Moore and Fred Welsh, 1910.

Player's No. 3 is another figure easily remembered because of its merits, representing, as it does, a Cigarette of delightful mellowness and flavour, giving always that little extra quality so necessary for complete enjoyment by the critical smoker.



You can be sure Player's No. 3 are always fresh. All packings are now supplied with protective wrapping.

PLAYER'S **NUMBER 3**
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED
20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 100 FOR 6/4 50 TINS (PLAIN ONLY) 3/4

S.P.35A.

For the latter he can only advocate the panacea of democracy (because the majority is always right), and the cultivation of that American Thing on whose behalf the post-war American writers have indulged, in prose and poetry, in such mountainous parturitions. But his description of the life on his father's farm—the old rhythms of ploughing and reaping, winter's hardships and summer's abundance—is beautifully serene. The "gaunt ardor for lucidity" (how is ardor gaunt?), which he professes here achieves its end. He talks of green fields without babbling. In the latter part of the book, while I will not say he babbles, for his style retains its admirable composure, he is less successful in his judgments on writers and ideas. His later chapters justify the comment of his college friend on his youthful conversation, "You talk platitudes like an angel." His work on the *Nation* and the *Century* has perhaps been most fruitful. His job has been both to guide and to galvanise, to give the Younger Generation confidence and to keep it, by the weight of his authority, from making too much of a fool of itself. The *Nation* in his day did pretty well what its namesake tries to do in England to-day. "It never missed a chance to report violations of civil liverty, or racial discriminations, or the insolences of persons in authority. This was the newspaper of a passionate minority clamouring for justice. No doubt, forever nipping and goading, it often seemed tiresome and bad-tempered. The staff, gay enough as individuals, now and then became self-conscious and decided there must be less doom and more humour in the paper. Not much came of this, and the readers seldom cared. What doubled and trebled and quadrupled the circulation was the bitter truths which the *Nation* offered to a public surfeited with the sweet lies they had been told during the war." This running criticism of established fatuity was accompanied by a vigorous nationalism. And profitably. Too often we are inclined to think of American literature as but a small and struggling branch, across the street, of the great multiple store of English letters. But this book makes one realise, not so much from its account of the achievement of the writers mentioned, as from its analysis and documentary evidence (in the shape of quoted letters, reports of conversations, and so on) of what they have *tried* to achieve, that American literature, however tentative, however unco-ordinated, however unsuccessful its efforts, nevertheless has a rationale of its own, a slowly emerging native tradition. Van Doren's book is made a little amorphous by the long letters which it publishes from writers like Sinclair Lewis and Mary Austin, in elucidation of their aims, and by the description of the work and character of critics and poets like Ludwig Lewisohn, Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay and that extraordinary woman who was Shelley-drunk, Elinor Wylie. But if the book's form suffers, one's interest is retained. However much it be proved that one ought to take works of art at their face value, we all sooner or later want to creep up the backstairs and see what purpose was in the artist's mind. And the purpose which these writers have before them will some day endow American literature with the autonomy which it still has not acquired.

By its generous enthusiasms for the writers mentioned *Three Worlds* shows that the American attitude to the writer has changed little since the days when *Martin Chuzzlewit* had a good laugh at its expense. Van Doren is too much of the ecstatic poulterer; he cries his wares as swans when too often they are only poor quality geese. Arlington Robinson, St. Vincent Millay may be good; they are not all *that* good. This is the main blemish in a masterly autobiography.

RONALD LEWIN

WILLS & TRUSTS

Increasingly people are turning to a corporate body rather than to a relative or friend to act as an Executor; and they are right, for in what individual person is found *combined*

PERMANENCE
ACCESSIBILITY
BUSINESS EXPERIENCE
COLLECTIVE JUDGEMENT

If you appoint the Westminster Bank as your Executor, your estate has also the benefits of

a) A trained staff to deal with difficulties
b) An administration which cannot be biased
c) Officials who may be consulted at any reasonable hour, and are pledged to secrecy
d) Immense resources behind your Trust

And the fees which your estate will pay will probably be but a fraction of what you would leave to a private executor.

In carrying out such duties, it is the Bank's practice to employ the family solicitor.

Inquiries will be gladly answered by

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Trustee Department: 51 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2
or 63 Piccadilly, London, W.1

OR IN BRISTOL · LIVERPOOL · MANCHESTER

SHORTER NOTICES

Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage, 1937. £5 5*s*.

Like Shakespeare, Boswell and the D.N.B., Burke is a necessary part of any library. It is as useful for the historian as it is to the journalist. And a quick reference to one of its 3,057 pages would prevent many a *gaffe*, made through ignorance of blood-ties, between persons one likes and persons one doesn't. Here you can discern the exact relationship to one another of all our minor royalties, and all the Strachey family: the names of the brothers of Sir Giriaprasad Chinubbai Madhowlal Ranch Nodlal, and the full designation of the Headmaster of the Imperial Service College, Windsor, Major Lyonulph Cospatrick, Bruce Berkeley, Jermyn Tullibardine, Petersham de Orellana, Dysart, Plantagenet, Tollemache. Among the numerous new facts chronicled in the 1937 edition is that on the death of the ninth Duke of Grafton, the Earldom of Arlington, conferred in 1672 on Arlingtons of the Cabal, fell into abeyance last year. The book is a prodigy of careful and scholarly editing.

A History of Europe, 1198–1378. By C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON. *Methuen.* 16*s*.

This, the latest volume to be published of Messrs. Methuen's *History of Mediaeval and Modern Europe*, treats of Europe during the two vital centuries which saw France on the way to becoming a nation, saw the Empire falling to pieces owing to the particularism of its Princes, and the Papacy rise to a height of power and importance from which thereafter it was to fall steadily as the imperial idea decayed and the national idea prevailed. Much of the book is devoted to swift summaries of the political and dynastic histories of the Empire and its component parts, and to the history of France *vis-à-vis* her great vassals, with England, whose internal history is ignored, making spasmodic appearances as her territorial claims and dynastic relationships dictated. Russia and Greece and Scandinavia and the Baltic lands also have their place; and interspersed with the political histories we have brilliant and delightful chapters dealing with the culture of the time—the religion, manners, art, architecture, literature and philosophy—which at the close of the period already foreshadowed the Renaissance and the modern world. The format of the book is admirable. The tables of contents and index leave nothing to be desired, and each chapter is accompanied by a bibliography of the matters of which it treats.

My Melodious Memories. By HERMAN FINCK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s*.

Readers of this full and racy story of the variety and musical stage during the past half-century may be warned that Mr. Finck opens rather haltingly, but within a page or so he gets into his stride and thereafter there is not a dull moment in the book. Born in the profession, his father was leader and conductor of many metropolitan orchestras. When still a schoolboy Mr. Finck himself took his violin into the orchestra pit just for a test, and practically remained there till he rose to the conductor's chair, in which for so many years he has been a well-known figure; often, and those the most pleasing occasions, conducting his own compositions. These have always had a quality beyond their cheerful gaiety, for like many other musicians who have frivolled, Mr. Finck has always had at his command a knowledge of the great masters, in the playing of whose works he received his early training. Music and musicians naturally occupy considerable space in these cheerful reminiscences, but Mr. Finck has known so many men distinguished in the arts that his life story is a brief epitome of the theatre of his time, illustrated with many good stories and character sketches of the men and women he has known.

we import a revolution

because we "wa'd rather see't than hear tell o't". Sim, the great spanish artist, has painted thirty unforgettable scenes of the civil war in spain; scenes of death and hate, of courage and devotion . . . the revolution is creating; it has its moments of colour.

here they are:

estampas de la revolucion española

beautifully reproduced in colour by the printers collective of barcelona and bound in loose-leaf album. price 5/- or 5/6 post free.

profits go to spanish workers' funds.

also "19th of july" is the title of the collection of 100 striking photos of the rising, the war, and the social revolution.
price 3/- post free.

order from

socialist bookshop

35 st. bride street, london, e.c.4

the international centre

THE NEW OUTLOOK

An independent monthly journal containing articles directed towards the formulation of a policy upon which all progressives could unite.

Principal Contents of the February Number:—

FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM
Lord Lothian replies to Stephen Spender.

RECOVERY—WHERE ARE WE GOING?
Professor T. E. Gregory.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES AND POLITICS
Rev. A. E. Garvie, M.A.

A NATIONAL FOOD POLICY
Major Gwilym Lloyd George, M.P.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT
Harold Macmillan, M.P.

IS COLLECTIVE SECURITY STILL POSSIBLE?
Eleanor Rathbone, M.P.

LIBERALS AND SPAIN
Alan Sainsbury.

From all newsagents, or by Subscription from "The New Outlook," Excel House, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C.2. 7/- per annum or 3/6 for 6 months, Post Free.

GOLDEN MOMENTS

Hockey

A fast run, two backs cleverly beaten, and he drives the ball home for a brilliant goal—victory for his side and a Golden Moment for him.

But even *he* can't buy a better tobacco at a shilling an ounce than "Cut Golden Bar." But it *must* be Wills's.

2 oz. Vacuum Tin

WILLS'S CUT GOLDEN BAR

READY RUBBED
in 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
in 2 oz. Vacuum Tins
and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

C.B.82.B

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

Thomas Lord Lyttelton: the Portrait of a Rake, with a brief Memoir of his sister, Lucy Lady Valentia. By REGINALD BLUNT. 18s.

Mr. Blunt has given us a vivacious memoir of the wicked Lord Lyttelton, compiled from contemporary letters, particularly those of his father—whom the world called the good Lord Lyttelton, and Dr. Johnson "poor Lyttelton—and his friend Elizabeth Montagu, the famous Blue Stocking." He has also, and rightly, used the "Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton," which, possibly apochryphal, and the production of his friend William Combe, are nevertheless illustrative both of the man and his style. Whether Lyttelton was more wicked than the many other profligate young men of his time may be doubted, as Macaulay doubted; but of his profligacy there can be no question, for he impudently admitted it. Extremely precocious, his father encouraged his precocity; but the boy seems to have been even more precocious than his friends dreamed; for if the bombast of his early letters to his father and Mrs. Montagu is not ironic, then the child was not true father of the man. The blackest thing against him is not his gaming and his immorality, but a vein of cruelty in his character, due no doubt to his contempt for the company he kept, but still repellent; and it would seem that Mrs. Montagu's prophecy, which he affected to death as a threat, that virtue would get him in the end, was a true one, for what later life he enjoyed—he was only thirty-five when he died that death so queerly fore-warned—he enjoyed decently and in order, so that we may believe that whatever his follies, his basic character was sound. His sister was almost as great a grief to her father, for she was as independent as her brother. They were deeply attached to each other, and their memoirs both explicitly and tacitly explain why.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Two major works of Beethoven have been recorded this month, neither by any means for the first time: the *Pastoral Symphony* by the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Bruno Walter (H.M.V. DB3051-5), and the *First "Rasoumovsky" Quartet* (Op. 59, No. 1) by the Roth Quartet. What most people will want to know is how the new records stand with regard to already existing versions of the same works; and this is precisely the information that a critic finds it hardest to supply, for useful comparisons cannot be made without much labour and the friendly co-operation of a dealer. However, I have done my best, and have come to the definite conclusion that the new *Pastoral* is the best, better than any of the half-dozen sets listed in the invaluable *Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia*. The excellent interpretations of Schalk and Weingartner are disqualified by the antiquity of the recording; of the more recent versions the only serious rival is that of Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, a slightly firmer interpretation, but much less richly recorded. Walter and the Vienna orchestra are really superb in this *echt Wienerisch* music, the most genial and lovable of all Beethoven's symphonies; note for example the exquisite colour and phrasing of the oboe solo in the scherzo. The whole thing is as warming and invigorating as a spring walk in the Wiener Wald, and if the conductor inclines to point out too many beauties by the wayside—well, it is an amiable failing. The recording glows, though there is still a shade too much reverberation in the hall. I do not feel that the Roth Quartet have quite done justice to the Op. 59, No. 1. Their playing, fully and excellently recorded upon a rather noisy surface, lacks the weight and sheer musicianship demanded by this masterpiece. The wonderful opening phrase for first violin in the Adagio is so perfunctorily done as to be quite unmoving, and the outside movements are taken too slowly. One result is that the work occupies five records to the four of the H.M.V. set by the Budapest Quartet; the latter seems to me by far the finer interpretation, but its last two sides are seriously under-recorded and should be replaced.

One by one Columbia is providing us with magnificent recordings of Beecham's greatest performances with the London Philharmonic; I hope that Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* Overture will soon be done. Meanwhile here is a Berlioz *Carnaval Romain* (LX570) which instantly disposes of all competitors: the playing is inspired, and these Beecham records catch the very blood and nerves of the orchestra. (I wish that the American experts had served Toscanini as well in his recent recordings.) Stokowski and his Philadelphia Orchestra give us a new *Fire Bird Suite* (Stravinsky) (H.M.V. DB2882-4), which does full justice to the orchestration, "*rutilante et chatoyante*" as Boris de Schloezer calls it, of that charming work. There is a much more complete version conducted by Stravinsky himself on four Columbias, and on a small gramophone this will sound better than the new set, which is, however, glorious on a big electric instrument. The sixth side is occupied by Stokowski's transcription of a fine, sombre *Prelude in A Flat* by Shostakovich, once the white-headed boy of Russian music, but now in the Soviet's bad books because the workers (and Stalin) cannot hum his tunes. Severe penalties should be incurred by companies who issue Mozart works without adding the Köchel numbers. More work for the poor critic. *Concerto No. 1 for Harpsichord and Orchestra* (Col. LX584, 5) turns out to be K.37, which is an arrangement made by the 11-year-old boy of sonata movements by three different German composers of the day, Raupach, Schobert and Honauer (original keyboard parts left unchanged). It is slight, attractive music, sometimes interestingly handled in the *tuttis*, and nicely done by Mme. Roesgen-Champion and a French orchestra.

Another harpsichordist, that very great musician Mme. Landowska, has notably enriched the gramophone repertory in recent years, and here is one of the finest of her performances, Bach's *Italian Concerto* (H.M.V. DB5007, 8). The playing is stupendous, though I sometimes wonder whether her powerful harpsichord bears much more relation to Bach's than a modern concert grand does to Beethoven's piano. These are grand records. Backhaus gives on H.M.V. DB2805 a sincere and delicate performance of the first two of Brahms' Op. 117 *Intermezzi*, Eileen Joyce on Parlo. E11314 a brilliant Granados *La Maja y el Ruisenor* coupled with a dull *Minuet* by Stavenhagen, and Friedman on Col. DX764 an excellent account of the original version of Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*. Hundreds of people must have entered the domain of music through the pretty wicket-gate of Kreisler's *Caprice Viennois*, so I am glad to find it still open to the public (H.M.V. DB3050, with *Tambourin Chinois*, both played by the composer), though I sympathise with a friend's description of it as "a sissy tune."

There are some good vocal records, mostly of *Lieder*. Gerhard Hüsch, accompanied by H. U. Müller, contributes an admirable set of Schumann's *Dichterliebe* (H.M.V. DB2940-2), obviously intended to replace the old Denijs version. I have derived the greatest pleasure from these records, but though the recording and vocal tone are better in the present set, I miss the fine sensibility and poetry of the records made by Panzéra and Cortot a few years ago and for some strange reason not issued in this country (H.M.V. DB4987-9, obtainable from the specialist dealers). They capture the bitterness and irony of Heine as well as the charm and sentiment

If you find

on returning from a concert or the opera that your gramophone or radio sounds inadequate and lifeless, that is the time to get in touch with us. Here at 11 Grape Street (just behind the Princes Theatre), are made and sold the finest gramophones and radio. Individually built in comparatively small numbers and sold direct to the public, these remarkable instruments give an almost perfect illusion of reality. And what is more, they go on doing this with the very minimum of upkeep expense. Hand-made Gramophones and Davey Radio are used by nearly everyone who is very critical and who considers a little higher initial cost is well worth while to secure a quality of reproduction and reliability that is quite unequalled in these days of attractively priced but very ordinary mass production instruments.

The Art of Record Buying

is a guide to the record catalogues of all the manufacturers. It contains details of upwards of 1,000 titles of classical records selected for their musical and technical excellence. Only the best versions of the various works are given. A copy of this, sent for a 2d. stamp, will prevent you ever buying a record that is not the best yet issued.

E.M.G
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LTD
11 Grape St. New Oxford St. London. W.C.2

CATALOGUE

In addition to our usual Catalogues, we issue a series of specialised supplements, giving details of new books and of additions to our secondhand stock. The following are available, and as with all our Catalogues, will be sent free on request :—Oriental No. 78, Science No. 3, History and Economics No. 2.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.
CAMBRIDGE — ENGLAND

SUPPLEMENTS

"No cold for 4 years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds, but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy — ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX

V 147 *Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-* THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

DO YOU KNOW THAT BERTRAND RUSSELL SAID OF

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION

"It removes mathematics from the remote regions of apparent uselessness . . . things are made intelligible which usually bring despair"?

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate, &c.
"Goddard's" Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

Members of The New University Society are ABREAST OF THE TIMES.

People of limited time or means need no longer lack guidance in the complexities of present-day affairs. Understanding is ensured through :

(1) **THE SOCIETY'S EXCLUSIVE FORTNIGHTLY SURVEY** of Home and Foreign Affairs—a reliable, unbiased analysis of current events, together with :—

(2) Specially prepared lectures of vital interest on **'MODERN ECONOMIC PROBLEMS'** and **'MAKERS OF MODERN THOUGHT.'**

(3) **ANSWERS TO INDIVIDUAL QUESTIONS** on **ANY SUBJECT,** preparation of speeches, toasts, etc., by a **RESPONSIBLE GRADUATE RESEARCH STAFF.**

Write for full particulars and specimen 'Survey' (without obligation) to

The Secretary, NEW UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, 43, George St., Edinburgh.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL. NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic.: 7289.

BRITAIN'S best bacon and hottest hot water. Come to 34 Southwick Street, W.2. Tel.: PAD. 3237.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A. LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como. Glorious sea views, facing south, h. and c. and gas fires bedrooms, garage. Terms: 2 gns. weekly.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

WYE VALLEY. Craft Industry and Guest House Students and Guests. Vegetarian diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

ISLAND off Irish West Coast. Magnificent scenery. Mild climate. Amethyst Hotel, Achill Island. Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by mountains. Good food. Comfortable beds. Hot and cold water. Turf fires. Terms: £2 10s. to £3 weekly. Write MISS T. BLACKHAM, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. and c. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

ASHDOWN FOREST, a beautiful home for guests. Hot and cold water, central heating, open fires. Own eggs, chickens, milk, good English cooking. Beautiful garden. Hacks and hunters. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

CORNISH RIVIERA, Green Bank Hotel, Fowey. Ideal position facing South. H. & C. and electric fires bedrooms. Moderate Tariff. Proprietor. 'Phone 63.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family take guests, 17th Cent. Ferm, h. & c. w. bedrooms, electricity, books, comfort, good cooking, lovely district. WYNDHAMS', Shepton Mallet, Som. 'Phone 57.

BRIGHTON. 18 Chesham Place. Furnished service rooms, minute sea, meals optional, h. & c.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Unique Guest House in unspoilt country. Riding, golf. Good cooking; good beds; central heating; running water; 42 miles London. 3 *guineas* inclusive. BOXHOLM, Buxted, Sussex.

CORNWALL. On glorious west coast between St. Ives and Lands' End. Several comfortable furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period, holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Booking now for Easter and the Summer. Terms and Photos. MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: Winter, 35 fr.; Summer, 50 fr. LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

LE CAGNARD, CAGNES-SUR-MER, A.M. An ideal hotel for rest and work—terrasses—exceptionally beautiful situation—country of Renoir—facilities for artists and golfers—between Nice and Cannes—pension 8 shillings.

RIVIERA, HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses, to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 8s.

BOARD RESIDENCE

A BABY BREAKFAST? Not at 34 Southwick Street, W.2, where one gets Britain's best bacon.

SWISS COTTAGE. Bored Residents emigrate to PRI. 6466. No placards in our bathrooms, where exclusively N.S. clientele retreat nightly from the day's responsibilities. 2 *gns.* (Final notice).

LAVISH, INTERESTING MEALS, comfortable Divan rooms, 35s.–3 *gns.* partial board. 5 bathrooms; very accessible. 56/57 Belsize Park, N.W.3. PRI. 3934.

SWISS COTTAGE. Something unique. Comfort, warmth; young, intelligent society. Modern living. Four guineas weekly, partial board, two sharing. Primrose 6116.

FINCHLEY Road (Tower Garage) with private family, well-furnished room suitable for sharing. H. & c. Continental and English cooking. Hampstead 7016.

FOR THE TABLE

NATIONAL Mark Cooking Apples. EXTRA FANCY BRAMLEYS, abt. 40 lbs., 7s. 6d., carr. fwd.; abt. 20 lbs., 6s., carr. paid; abt. 10 lbs., 3s. 6d., carr. paid. LESLIE CLARK, Walters, Galleywood, Chelmsford.

Send for
PITCAITHLY BANNOCKS
Shortbread with almonds and peel
By post, 3s. 4d., 5s. 10d., 8s. 7d., from MACKIE'S, 108 Princes St., Edinburgh.

BREAKFAST TRAY JAMS, JELLIES and MARMALADES, Home-Made, beautifully packed, in many luscious and unusual varieties, including BLACK CHERRY, WHORTLEBERRY, PEACH, etc. 12 large Breakfast Tray Pots, 6s., carr. paid; 6 for 3s. 6d., specialities included. HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

WHORTLEBERRY, BLACK CHERRY and MORELLO CHERRY (Stoneless) JAMS: Pineapple, Blackcurrant, Damson, Peach and many other delicious Home-made Jams, Jellies and Marmalades; beautifully packed. Six 1-lb. pots 7s; 12 for 13s.; 24 for 23s. 6d., all carriage paid.—HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Subscribers are reminded that instructions regarding a change of address should be received not later than first post on Wednesday morning. The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1.

of Schumann. Perhaps Herr Hüsch prefers to forget who wrote the words. Elisabeth Schumann continues her Schubert series with *Gretchen am Spinnrade* and *Fischerweise :* a good record, not one of her best (H.M.V. DA1547). Flagstad's record of two Grieg songs (H.M.V. DA1513) does justice to her glorious soprano as the Wagner excerpts recorded in America do not : *Im Kahne* is an attractive song, and *Ein Schwann* has the interest of possessing a text by Ibsen. Gigli is ludicrously ill-suited by Grieg's *Ein Traum* (in French) and Schumann's *Lotosblume* (in Italian) : his voice is off colour, too (H.M.V. DA1504). Georges Thill sings in French two arias from Bach Church Cantatas (Col. LX571) : it is pleasant to hear Bach really sung instead of pecked at. Tauber polishes off two trifles (Parlo. RO 20327) in the familiar lush, Toblerone manner ; while Marta Eggerth (Parlo. E11315) warbles her way through a couple of Strauss waltzes, not discreditably. Opera gets a poor show. Maria Cebotari sings a German version of the great *Traviata* aria, beginning with the words *'S ist seltsam ! sehr seltsam !* and strange it certainly is, in its slapdash style and technical inadequacies, to one accustomed to the Italianate purity of a Sembrich or Tetrazzini (Parlo. RO 20328). The late Claudia Muzio (Col. LX583), attractive in *Mi chiamano Mimi,* sings Santuzza's aria from *Cavalleria* poorly, being unable to express passion *within* the bounds of the vocal line.

I am afraid I have done no dance records. Space is limited, and my views worthless on music to which (with rare exceptions) I cannot bear to listen unless accompanied by dancing. I thought of giving an Informal NEW STATESMAN Gramophone Hop for Contributors and their Friends, with dashes to the writing-pad in between dances. But I wasn't really keen enough, so it fell through. I'm sorry.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 361

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer usual prizes for the best overheard remarks which illuminate their surroundings. They should be extremely brief. Examples : All-in wrestling match : "A proper ape, ain't he ?" At the Ballet : "But their waists are too high" — "That's Graecian, darling."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 19.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 359

Set by H. E. Waley

We offer the usual prizes for a Rhyming Alphabet for use by the Children of Sophisticated Parents.

Report by H. E. Waley

The general level maintained by the entries for this competition was disappointing. There was a lack of those high spirits without which satire is apt to be ponderous. A post-influenzal depression seemed to have settled on the majority, and out of the contents of all 40 entries compounded it would have been impossible to put together a single complete alphabet with a kick in every couplet.

A large number of competitors made the assumption that the verses should be written as though by the child. I had not anticipated this and am still wondering whether it was assumed that in sufficiently sophisticated circles children wrote their own lesson-books or whether the natural affinity of rhyming alphabets to lesson-books was accidentally overlooked.

With regard to the accepted criteria of sophistication which emerged, Dali and Dartington scored only one reference each and Freud was the only name which recurred with regularity.

A rhyming alphabet is rather like an obstacle race with the worst obstacles arranged at the end. X, Y and Z tend to bring already over-strained competitors down in a panting heap. A large number incorporated in their final couplets an admission that they were glad it was all over. This got them disqualified for failing to preserve the illusion of the true artist's creative joy.

The neatest final couplet was "Analyst's" Y is for Yoga—"don't make a fuss." Z for Zarathustra, who spake it thus.

Most started off briskly enough though perhaps none got away from the mark so stylishly as Mr. P. J. Terry with A's for adultery—the thing adults do ! The matrimonial complications of the sophisticated parents naturally furnished the main theme for most competitors, but Mr. MacCullum Scott made the wedded intriguers of other alphabets look a bit bourgeois with his "D's for divorce—but Mother and Dad Have never been married—They say it's a fad." A. K. Milne, who displayed the greatest powers of versification and wit, forfeited the first prize by including a couplet about a cat which struck me as needlessly revolting—and besides, who ever heard of a cat being called "Jenny"? It is notorious that the name is only applicable to birds, human beings and cows.

In the circumstances, I recommend that the prize-money be divided equally between "Mormon," Gerald Summers and A. K. Milne.

A is the Alcove where Anne and her honey hug,
B's the Black-Bottom, their Bronx and the Bunny-Hug ;
C are the Cocktails that Ma drinks a dry lot of,
D's the Divorcée whom Papa's the pilot of ;
E is their Envoi to rus and simplicity,
F is their Frenzy for frolic in this city ;
G is the Gold father spends in polite clubs,
H are the Houris he picks up in night clubs ;
I are Indecencies, topics at dinner-time,
J's our jade Janet (and who has a thinner time ?)
K's the Kimono that Ma spends the morning in,
L the Lounge Lizards who dart without warning in ;
M is our Motor, rococo, with florid lines,
N Nouveau Art in the nursery (what horrid lines !)
O is Obscenity—none raise a blush at it,
P is the Picture-House—Lord ! how they rush at it !
Q are the Queer folk that mother and father like,
R's Robert, our house-boy, the type that I rather like ;
S—Scurry, sensation and lack of serenity,
T stands for truth and it's spelt with a teeny "t" ;
U is the Underworld—no one fights shy of it,
V is Veracity—Heavens ! the lie of it !
W's a Whirlpool of jazz and forced glee through it,
X are X-rays—Oh ! we children can see through it ;
Y is our Youth that is robbed of its purity,
Z, Zannies, ourselves, with our lack of security,
Oh ! what is in store for us folk in futurity ?

GERALD SUMMERS.

A is for Art, which is Sex made mimetic,
and B for the Bolshies, whose zest is pathetic ;
C is for Children—once born, to be borne,
and D for the Damns when your temper is worn.
E's for the Ego—must not be repressed,
and F is for Freud (be his Id ever blest !)
G is for God, now quite second to Golf,
and H for the Huxleys, who polished him off.
I's Immaturity—not quite the thing,
and J is for Jazz, to make your nights swing.
K is for Knowledge, and knowledge for show,
and L is for Love (just a trifle de trop)
M's for life's Meaning, which some think they see,
and N's for the Nothing you'll find it to be.
O's for Opinions, a vice of the young,
and P's for your Parents, who ought to be hung.
Q's for your Questions, which bore us to tears,
and R's the Replies you receive, little dears !
S is for Schönberg ("atonal "'s the word),
and T is for Truth, which is rather absurd.
U's for the Universe, no end by poor means—
and V's for the Verse you'll exude in your 'teens.
W's for Work, which is pointless as play,
and X for Xcitement, now rather passé.
Y's for the Yawn one prefers to the Grin,
and Z is for Zeal—the original sin.

"MORMON"

Ask your bookseller for MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION

John Hilton *says* "I've been doing sums all my life, but I'd never known the story of the art and craft of sum-doing ; it's a drama, almost a melodrama."

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. Charles the King. Tu., Th., S.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Ballet Rambert. Thurs., Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Astonished Ostrich.

GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.

GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Sat., 2.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

PALACE. On Your Toes. Wed. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th. Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Feb. 19.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

WESTMINSTER. Uncle Vanya. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

BALLET

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. 3/- to 12/6 (Unres. 1/6.)
NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BALLET RAMBERT.
20 Ballets. 2 New Works. Chamber Orchestra.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Tem. Bar 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
JANE EYRE.
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

CAMBRIDGE. Temple Bar 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., TUES., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
BARRY JONES. GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES
in **CHARLES THE KING.**

COLISEUM, Tem. 3161. Daily 2 and 7.30.
London's Outstanding Success.
CINDERELLA
EDNA BEST. LUPINO LANE.
MADGE ELLIOTT. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON."
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.30, Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.
MacKenzie Ward. Wanda Rotha. Basil Radford.

GARRICK. OVER 200 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.)
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO BOUQUETS.
"LOVELIEST PLAY IN LONDON."—*S. Dispatch.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.30.
Mats., WED. and SAT., 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S
"CANDIDA."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Last Week.
Evgs., 8 p.m. Sat., 2 p.m. **MOTHER GOOSE.**
Florence Desmond. Markova & Dolin. George Lacy.
Chili Bouchier & Company of 100.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606). EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA.
A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

PALACE. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
ON YOUR TOES.
JACK WHITING. GINA MALO.
OLIVE BLAKENEY. VERA ZORINA.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 300 PERFS. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (Ex. Mon.) Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
TUESDAY NEXT, at 8.15
(subsequently 8.30). 1st Matinee, Fri., Feb. 19, 2.30.
SUSPECT.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., Sats., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES.
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. EVGS. 8.30.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"HEART'S CONTENT."

TWENTIETH CENTURY, Arthur St., W.11.
SATURDAY, FEB. 13, at 3.15 p.m.
A Presentation of GOETHE'S FAIRY TALE,
THE GREEN SNAKE and the BEAUTIFUL LILY,
will be given by the Goetheanum School of Eurhythmy (London). Admission Free. Collection for Expenses.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (Bookable).
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
UNCLE VANYA,
by CHEKHOV.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
PAULA WESSELY in
Her Greatest Dramatic Triumph,
"ERNTE." (Harvest).
"DIE JULIKA" (U).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
FIFTH WEEK SURREALIST PREMIER
ZERO DE CONDUITE (L.C.C.)
and MARX BROTHERS
in **DUCK SOUP** (U).

CONCERTS

THE KING OF GLORY—
PAGEANT OF THE PASSION.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Mon., Feb. 15th, for 2 weeks. Evenings, at 8.0. Mats. Sats., 20th and 27th, at 2.30. FAIRBAIRN PAGEANT CHOIR of over 1,000 Singers and Dancers. FULL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, and Ballet by Ginner-Mawer Dancers. Reserved 10*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* Boxes £4, £3 4*s.*, £2, Gallery (unreserved) 2*s.* 6*d.* & 2*s.* Special terms for parties. Box Office, Albert Hall (Ken. 3661), and Usual Agents.

ART EXHIBITION

POTTERY

MIXED Exhibition of Stoneware and Earthenware by 8 young Potters. THE BRYGOS GALLERY, 73 New Bond St., W.1.

RESTAURANTS

IF you are within eating distance go to RULES for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (since 1780).

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Evenings, 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
More Tonight at 8.30. By Noel Coward.
"WE WERE DANCING." "FUMED OAK."
"THE ASTONISHED HEART."

HULL Little.
Evgs., Mat. Sat., 5.
Till the Cows Come Home.
By Geoffrey Kerr.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Tonight at 7.45. By Noel Coward.
"STILL LIFE." "WAYS AND MEANS."
"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Little Women. By Louisa M. Alcott.

DINNER, DANCES ETC.

RUSSIAN REUNION DINNER
and FILM SHOW,
arranged by the W.T.A. in conjunction with Intourist, on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25th, at BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, W.C.2. (Film show, 6.30 p.m. Dinner, 7.45.)
Speaker: Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P.
Tickets, price 5*s.* 6*d.* each, from the W.T.A., Ltd., Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1 (Vict. 7430), or 59, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4 (City 6794).

PERSONAL

CRUISE to GREECE and the AEGEAN ISLANDS. ATHENS, Delphi, CRETE, Samos, COS, Rhodes, CYPRUS and PAESTUM. S.S. *Cairo City*, 9,600 tons, April 3rd–26th, from 27 *gns.* incl. London return. Few vacancies left. ANGLO-HELLENIC TOURS, 1 Albany Terrace, N.W.1.

SAFEGUARD the democratic freedom of our country. Help to keep out foreign "isms" that threaten Civil War. Mass meeting Central Hall, Westminster, February 25th, at 8 p.m. Chair: Mrs. Ronald Copeland. Speaker: Mrs. Flora Drummond. Community Singing and Concert. Free Reserved Tickets: WOMEN'S GUILD OF EMPIRE, 1 Dover St., W.1.

"KIMBERLEY" HOME-MADE JAMS are made by a Retired Officer and Family and supplied to Messes, Schools, Clubs, Yachts, Bazaars, Doctors and Members of the Royal Households. They provide employment for 12 extra people in a hard-hit village, and every order you send helps us to maintain or increase the number. See separate advertisements this issue and ORDER, please, from MRS. HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

CORONATION DORMITORY. Your children will be happy if you leave them with us. Complete charge taken if required. Immediate application desirable as only 20 children can be taken. (Co-educational School N.W. London). Box 588, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1., in first instance.

ROOM for pacific young man in left household. Mai 3972.

ATTRACTIVE room (with S.) in young bachelor's well and reasonably run garden maisonette. N.W.3. Box 591, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATED Woman (young) widely travelled, wishes to share flat or small house (must be London) with people of left views. Write Box 586, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED.—Two pupils to join two educated women running large garden as commercial enterprise. MISSES RYECART and POSTGATE, Drews Gardens, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

ONE person required to join four in South Pacific adventure cruise. Small yacht; 3–4 years; some capital necessary. Write CORSELLIS, "Treetops," Highlands Road, Leatherhead.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6, Forster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

IF you are camera-shy come to ANTHONY PANTING for an informal, comfortable sitting. Studio at 5 Paddington Street. WEL forty-nine fifty.

NUDIST CLUB, indoor, central London, both sexes, est. 6 years, usual social amenities. U-V light, baths, games, exercises. Write, enclosing stamp, Box 416, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NOTICE TO GRADUATES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

The University is about to publish A UNIVERSITY JOURNAL which will be sent gratis to graduates and to former full-time students who are not graduates of the University. Will those who have not informed the Registrar of their present address kindly do so by sending a postcard with Name, Address, Degree or Course, and Year, to—

THE REGISTRAR, THE UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER, 13.

AN INDEX to Volume XII (new series) is now ready, and is available free on application to registered postal subscribers; to other readers, post free, One Shilling.

"New Statesman & Nation," 10 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"I do not believe that there is anybody who would not benefit by this book."—Geoffrey Gorer

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 215.—FAMILY BOOKMAKER

"I will lay even money," said Uncle Binks, the bookmaker, "against each runner's winning at least one race while no two win the same number. I will lay seven to one against each of the runners winning the same number of races. And I will lay three to one against any runner winning all the races but two.

"In each case those are very nearly the mathematical odds."

The occasion of Uncle Binks's pronouncement was some sports which our boys had organised. All the boys were running in all the races, and, so far as we could tell, all were equally likely to win any given race.

How many races were there, and how many boys were competing?

PROBLEM 214.—RECITATIONS

The text requires emendation (sorry). What happened last week was that my copy went astray at the printers, and I found myself on Wednesday night divorced from my material and with about an hour in which to produce a new problem. In transcribing it, I left out a condition. The problem as printed has, clearly, a multiplicity of solutions; this is what was omitted from Mulberry's last statement:

"Each of the six nights resulted in a different schedule of payments."

PROBLEM 213.—HIGH TEA

The series can be recognised, worked out, or—in the last resort—guessed as that of the sums of the squares of the first n natural numbers (1^2, $1^2 + 2^2$, $1^2 + 2^2 + 3^2$ . . .) Factorisation of the first 25 terms shows that six terms contain 11, and five terms 13, as prime factors and only these numbers fulfil the given conditions.

Hence Daisy is 11 and Dulcie is 13.

Comments: "A particularly agreeable problem about particularly disagreeable children." (G. W.)

"I shall drop my subscription to the N.S.P.C.C." (N. H.)

"Thank you for a most delightful problem." (Arithmedicus.)

PROBLEM 212.—RUGGER IN RURITANIA

The Ruperts of Hentzau scored 26 tries, 10 of which were converted.

Obtain a table (I) showing the number of distinct ways of constitutin any score (up to 20). Then find the number of different sets of scores for various aggregates, using Table I. It is found that an aggregate of 20 can be made in just 28 distinct ways (II). There are only seven possible winning scores, each of which the Rs must have made. These are possible with no dropped goals, as in III. The 5 tries at 15 pts. is not possible as the necessity of 5 tries at 17 pts. precludes 5 tries at any other score. Thus the Rs scored 5 + 4 + 3 + 4 + 3 + 4 + 3 = 26 tries of which 1 + 2 + 3 + 1 + 2 + 0 + 1 = 10 were converted.

I

Score	No. of Ways
1	1
2	1
3	1
4	1
5	1
6	1
7	1
8	2
9	2
10	2
11	2
12	3
13	3
14	3
15	4
16	4
17	4
18	5
19	5
20	6

II

Score	No. of Ways
17—3	4
16—4	4
15—5	4
14—5	3
13—7	3
12—8	6
11—9	4
Total	28

III

Score	Tries	Converted
17	5	1
16	4	2
15	—3	3
	—5	0
14	4	1
13	3	2
12	4	0
11	3	1

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: G. E. Rock, Shirley, Manwood Road, Sandwich, Kent.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 211.—HAND GRENADES

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: W. J. Hodgetts, 45 Blenheim Road, North Harrow.

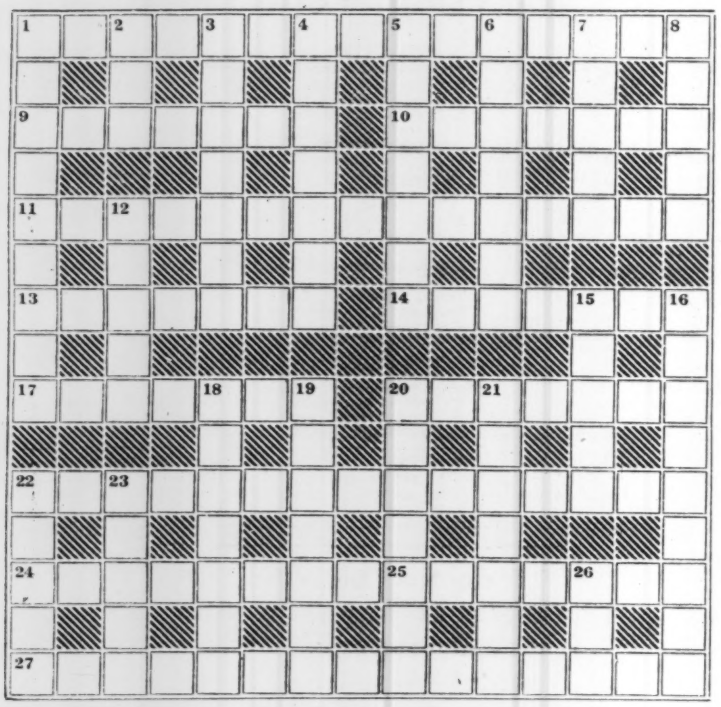
Eight points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 362

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Edward L. Wilkin, 31 Starling Close, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

ACROSS.

1. Contemptible award for voluntarily going into action.
9. Not many are contrary in meaning.
10. Drink for an heir.
11. When flying partners are chosen.
13. All leg, I see, obviously contrary to the regulations.
14. They were flag lieutenants no doubt.
17. If your car won't, you may have to start like
20. this
22. One would only go off the rails accidentally if one took these.
24. O, *Carmen* can be such a fiddling thing to play.
25. The sort of beating the cat gives her kittens.
27. It is rounded for the Derby.

DOWN.

1. Take turns on the level.
2. Go to the bad as it were.
3. One of the things without which Mrs. Deer couldn't get along.
4. A man can make it with lino.
5. Sundials are constructed merely to show this.
6. Catching cats.
7. Muzzle the editor.
8. A regrettable remark.
12. Unwell in Virginia.
15. One would hand it in so to speak in cold weather.
16. The sweet could hardly be lumpy if this were used.
18. You wouldn't expect this to take the strain for the pull.
19. What you have to do in a discreditable shop.
20. One of Caliban's difficulties perhaps.
21. Imports hot air into Italy.
22. Musical direction found in a trice.
23. Part of the bag consisted of a fine ptarmigan.
26. A stopping place.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	W	A	T	E	R	B	O	A	T	M	E	N	■	■
■	■	L	■	L	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	E	■	R
S	A	C	K	B	U	T	■	C	O	U	R	A	G	E
H	■	A	■	E	■	W	■	H	■	N	■	R	■	S
O	O	Z	E	■	R	I	V	E	R	T	R	E	N	T
R	■	A	■	C	■	X	■	R	■	T	■	S	■	I
T	U	R	N	O	U	T	■	S	P	A	R	T	A	N
C	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	B	■	■	■	G
I	N	S	E	C	T	S	■	G	R	O	W	N	U	P
R	■	A	■	E	■	W	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	L
C	O	V	E	R	P	O	I	N	T	■	R	I	M	A
U	■	E	■	T	■	L	■	T	■	M	■	S	■	C
I	N	S	T	I	L	L	■	E	P	I	T	O	M	E
T	■	U	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	M	■	■
■	■	P	L	A	I	N	C	L	O	T	H	E	S	■

Company Meeting

GAS LIGHT & COKE COMPANY

SIR DAVID MILNE-WATSON'S ADDRESS

THE 230th ordinary general meeting of the Gas Light and Coke Company was held on Friday, February 5th, in London.

Sir David Milne-Watson, LL.D., D.L., The Governor, said (in part): The policy of sale by hire purchase had met with the greatest success, and during 1936 they had sent out various gas appliances on hire purchase to the number of over 270,000. That included 93,000 cookers, 101,000 fires, 13,000 refrigerators, and 61,000 water heaters. The sales of appliances had increased by nearly 25 per cent. to 749,936. That included 397,450 cookers, 184,114 fires—not including coke fires—and 99,447 water heaters.

Their total sales for cash and upon hire-purchase reached the figure of approximately £2,800,000—an increase of £900,000 over the 1935 figures of £1,900,000 which was itself an increase of three-quarters of a million over the previous year. Their appliance revenue from all sources—sale, hire-purchase and hire—had risen from £2,600,000 in 1935 to £3,600,000 in 1936.

Sales of gas had gone up by 3.69 per cent., both ordinary and automatic consumption showing an increase. The increase in the quantity of coke sold to the public had reached the large figure of 211,000 tons. As a result of the year's working they were able to pay the usual dividends on the Consolidated Preference and Maximum stocks and a dividend unchanged at the rate of £5 12s. per cent. on the Ordinary stock.

One of their Bills before Parliament had been opposed by 28 local authorities and had been subjected to 16 days' hearing, costing the company some £7,000—all in order that they might obtain what would seem to be the most reasonable right—namely, to put gas pipes at their own expense in Council houses.

The growth of the company's work in Public lighting continued, and the total of street lamps installed and maintained had grown to over 52,000. The new long-term contracts obtained included those from the Boroughs of Chelsea and Hendon, each for 15 years, the latter covering 10 miles of main and arterial roads, and ten-year contracts from five other local authorities.

The gas industry was continually receiving substantial contracts for main-road lighting, with the full approval of the experts attached to various local authorities and with the goodwill of the Ministry of Transport.

The very substantial increase in the industrial part of their business which had taken place in 1936 was attributed to the effectiveness of the Block Rates and special tariffs which had been worked out to enable them to secure that large-scale business in the strenuous conditions of a hotly contested market. Industrial business was of the greatest benefit to the company's general position by stabilising and spreading demand.

THE COAL POSITION

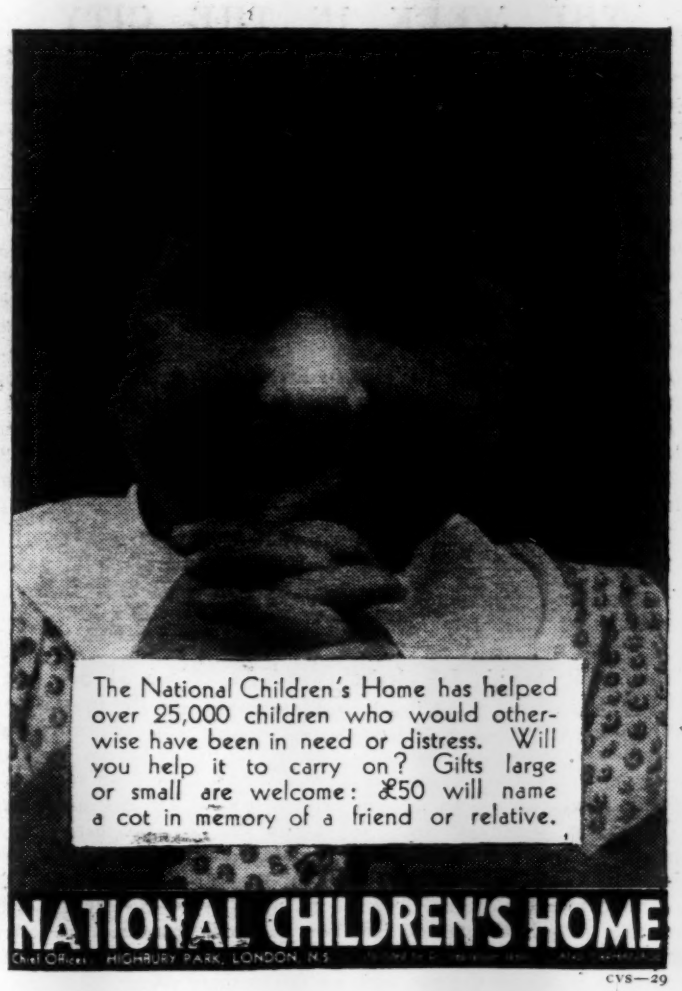
The coal position in the country was causing them considerable concern. Since the Coal Mines Act of 1930 came into operation, a revised set of selling schemes had been put into force, under which the control of buying and selling was vested in the District Coal Board, and all the boards were composed exclusively of coalowners.

The price of coal was being raised considerably, and the absence of any proper control was causing dissatisfaction and anxiety in the minds of the coal-consuming public. Coalowners would be well advised that abuse of a monopoly in a commodity of vital national importance would not be endured for any length of time, and that unless they exercised in a reasonable manner the powers which had been conferred on them, there was bound to be trouble.

An increase in gas sales of 3.69 per cent. might not, on the face of it, seem very spectacular. Looking a little closer, it is found that the company's sales of gas in 1936, expressed in terms of heat values, were about eight times the sales of electricity for heating, lighting and cooking. That excluded the electrical sales for power purposes, which bore no relation to the activities of the gas industry, but, incidentally, their sales were over three times the electrical sales for all purposes, including power. From that it would be seen that their additional gas sale of 3.69 per cent. meant a good deal more than might appear. Actually, it represented an increase over three times as great as the increased electrical sales for lighting, heating and cooking in the last year for which figures were available.

If they included coke sold for purposes other than power production, they found that the increase in gas and coke sold, in terms of heat value, was over eight times the electrical increase for all purposes and some twenty times the increase in electricity sold for lighting, heating and cooking. He felt assured that they could look forward to 1937 and the years that followed with a robust confidence in what the future had in store for the industry, and for the Gas Light and Coke Company in particular, and in their own power to meet, overcome, and even wrest to their advantage whatever difficulties might be in front of them.

The report was unanimously adopted.


The National Children's Home has helped over 25,000 children who would otherwise have been in need or distress. Will you help it to carry on? Gifts large or small are welcome: £50 will name a cot in memory of a friend or relative.
NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME
Chief Offices: HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON, N.5
CVS—29

The Advantages of a Banking Account

A BANKING ACCOUNT WITH THE C.W.S. BANK ENSURES:

Convenient and easily provable payments of accounts.
Excellent interest coupled with moderate and easily ascertainable Commission. Safe custody of documents, deeds and other valuables, free of charge.
The use of one or more of over 2,500 Co-operative Society Agencies.

AND MANY OTHER SERVICES

INQUIRIES TO

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES.

99 Leman Street, London, E.1; 42 Kingsway, London W.C.2; and Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster

West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

GILT-EDGED PSYCHOLOGY AND NEW ISSUES—AMERICAN OUTLOOK—BURMAH OIL AND OIL PRODUCERS—GERMANY—CABLE AND WIRELESS

THE business man, as opposed to the banker or actuary, continues to sell his gilt-edged stocks. If he feels happy about the trade boom, he sells because he is convinced that he can employ his money better elsewhere; if he feels unhappy about the trade boom, he sells because he is convinced that money will have to be made dearer just "to put the brakes on." All this in spite of Mr. Keynes. The public psychology is for the time against the gilt-edged market—and how psychological the market has become! On Tuesday the falls in British Government securities temporarily brought in sellers throughout the Stock Exchange. The unpopularity of gilt-edged stocks has made life very difficult for the promoters of new fixed-interest issues. As underwriters know, to their cost, debenture issues having a speculative flavour have had the worst reception. For example:

	Issue Price	Present Price
Associated British Properties 4½% debentures	100	4 discount
Kinemas 5¼% debentures ..	100	4 "
Simpsons (Piccadilly) 4¾% debentures	100	3 "

This week Booth's Distilleries issued £1,000,000 4¼ per cent. debentures at 105 to yield £4 1s. 3d. per cent. for the purpose of replacing £588,300 5 per cent. debentures and of providing much-needed working capital. The service of the loan is covered over 3½ times, but the capital cover is based largely on such unfixed assets as stocks of gin and whisky. Of net assets of £2,596,000, £288,000 only is represented by properties and plant, £669,563 by investments in subsidiaries and £1,578,000 by stocks. In spite of the appeal of Booth's Dry Gin and Vat 69, underwriters were left with 25 per cent. So far the fall in the gilt-edged market has not induced promoters to offer higher yields in the industrial new issue market, but if it continues it is bound to have such an unfortunate effect.

DURING the past quarter of a century the shares of the leading British insurance companies have, on the average, doubled in value every ten years. The factors which make for capital appreciation in insurance shares are permanent factors which are just as operative today as they have been during the past 25 years. The Units of the Trust of Insurance Shares have increased in value by approximately 17% since the Trust was formed in June, 1934.

TRUST of INSURANCE SHARES

An investment, free from personal liability in respect of uncalled capital, in thirty-one British insurance companies. Insurance Units may be bought and sold through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated gross yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is approximately 3¼ per cent. Price of Units, 6th February - 23s. 6d.

TRUSTEES: WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LIMITED
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.
30 CORNHILL, E.C.3
Mansion House 5467

For full particulars apply to any Stockbroker or Bank, or to the above address, for Trust of Insurance Shares Booklet.

MeN 595/5

In spite of strikes, floods and Presidential pestilence, Wall Street refuses to go down, and every disappointed "bull" on this side of the Atlantic is convinced that it is a wonderful market. It is so, of course, only because of the truly wonderful American system of taxation. The rich Americans who "play" in the stock markets cannot sell on bad news because the capital gains tax swallows up their profit. That is why the market cannot go down. I was intrigued to see that Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, a close friend of the President and ex-chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission, declares himself against the capital gains tax in a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He thinks that the Government should allow increment growing out of sound investment to a man while he lives, but tax that increment heavily when he dies. He believes that the capital gains tax accentuates stock market inflation and gives a further unfair advantage to the foreign speculator, who is free to cash in his profits at artificial "scarcity" prices. If Mr. Kennedy still has an influence at the White House, we may see such a revision of the taxation law as will cause quite a setback in the stock markets—at the hands of disgusted foreign as well as grateful American sellers. In the meantime, I still regard a few American shares as quite sound purchases:—

	Earnings 1936.	Dividend Rate.	Present Price.	Yield % on Earnings.	Yield % on Current.
American Smelting	6.50	5.25	92¼	7.01	5.66
Montgomery Ward	4.25	4.90	59⅜	6.81	7.83

American Smelting is such a vast organisation that the investor has to take the figures "on trust," but as the leading American base-metal investment it is attractive. The shares have recently been held back by the new issue of "one in five" at $70. When this has been absorbed the market should improve. Montgomery Ward has been induced to pay heavy dividends by the new taxation law, but its earnings should go steadily ahead as the national income increases.

* * *

What is intended to be a reassuring statement is made by a leading firm of oil jobbers in their latest publication regarding the new oil production from the Island of Bahrein. It has been feared in the market that this new production would be thrown on the Indian market in fierce competition with Burmah oil. It is pointed out by the oil jobbers (1) that the groups controlling the Bahrein field, namely, the Standard Oil Company of California and the Texas Corporation, control important interests in the United States and are not, therefore, likely to indulge in price cutting which would cause their rivals in America to fight back; (2) that the Texas Corporation has a marketing outlet in the East which would have the first call on the Bahrein production; and (3) that consumption is rapidly increasing throughout the world and that the new production from Bahrein will be absorbed without danger to existing oil prices. This is quite true. Nevertheless, the figures of Bahrein production indicate the possibility of some temporary price cutting in India. The new refinery of the Bahrein Company is to be completed on 1st July with a capacity of 25,000 barrels a day, that is 1,300,000 metric tons a year. This is greatly in excess of what the Texas Corporation can market in the East. Even if only a third of the output were diverted to the Indian market it would be sufficient to cause some temporary disturbance. The total Indian oil consumption is about 2,200,000 tons a year. The Burmah Oil Company have been known to cut prices even on the appearance of new cargo lots from independent American producers. I agree with the jobbers that the increase in consumption can ultimately take care of the new production from Bahrein, and that whatever the Texas Corporation may do it will not affect the excellent future for the oil industry. The leading oil shares are now fairly valued—although I still regard Shell Transport as cheaper than Burmah Oil—but, in view of the probability of a further rise in crude oil prices this summer, one or two of the producing companies are worth the speculative investor's attention.

	Price end Dec. 1936.	Present Price.	Last Dividend.	Estimated Dividend for 1936.	Gross Yield % on Est. Dividend.
Anglo-Ecuadorian £1 ...	36/3	41/7½	10%	12½%*	£6 0 0
Apex (Trinidad) 5/-	32/3	40/1½	35%	45%‡	6 8 9†

* For year ending June, 1937. † After allowing for Dominion income tax relief.
‡ For year ending September, 1937.

I fancy also Canadian Eagle ordinary shares around 18s. 9d., although I can give no figures. Canadian Eagle distributes wholesale in South America the export surplus of Mexican Eagle, and refines the Venezuelan Oil Concessions' output and ships it to Europe. Tanker earnings therefore contribute largely to Canadian Eagle profits, and it is significant that the freight rate for "clean" tankers from Gulf ports to Britain has risen from

10s. to 22s. 6d. per ton since September, 1936. Canadian Eagle have not, so far, participated in the latest oil share movement.

* * *

No one should miss reading the February number of *The Banker*. It is devoted to an exposure of the evil mind and disastrous economics of the German Nazi regime. In a Foreword remarkable for its blunt language occurs the following passage: "We regret to have to admit that from a small, but rather influential circle in the City of London there flows a constant stream of propaganda in favour of credits for Germany. . . . The notion that English money would stem the tide of Communism from flowing into Germany is inherently ridiculous. English money is far more likely to be used for the creation of poison gas and other delectable munitions. . . . Apart from the fact that it is contrary to the public interest to grant credits to Germany, the writers of our survey have made it very clear that from the standpoint of the investor Germany is a bottomless pit. And the bluster and bad faith which have been the main ingredients of German foreign policy have also characterised all Dr. Schacht's dealings with the English bankers and bondholders who have been foolish enough to put their trust in German promises." The articles which follow the Foreword are obviously written by refugee German experts who know their way about the maze of the Nazi economic and financial systems. They estimate Germany's armament expenditure at £2,500,000,000 in the last four years—an average of about £625 millions a year. Although this expenditure has been financed largely by bills, it would be a mistake to suppose that financial considerations will soon force Germany to cut her armaments expenditure. What would be a dangerous increase in the floating debt in a free democratic country means nothing to a totalitarian State, where the financial and economic system is under rigid Government control. It is interesting to see that the experts come to the conclusion that from an economic point of view the return of her former colonies would not help Germany but might financially embarrass her Government. Meanwhile our international bankers have gone to Berlin to negotiate a renewal of the German Standstill Agreement.

* * *

Statistical Assistant: The trouble over Mrs. Simpson has done Cable and Wireless stockholders well; the traffic index standing at 75.9 in October rose to 80.5 in November and 96.4 in December. The gains in the last two months made up for all the "losses" in previous months. Later on this year the company will get the benefit of the Coronation write-ups. Quite apart from the trade recovery, the Cable and Wireless traffics have carried, since little more than a year ago, the death of King George, two accessions, one abdication and Test matches in Australia—all hot news for the Stop Press and grist to the Cable mill. Nevertheless, the traffic index of the combine for the whole of 1936 is barely a point above that of 1935, and while the full 5½ per cent. will no doubt be earned and paid on Cable and Wireless preference stock, there is unlikely to be much over for any payment on account of arrears. Since I last discussed Cable and Wireless in October, the preference stock has improved from 104 to 111, the "A" from 22 to 26, while Globe Telegraph ordinary shares—our favourite medium for participating in this cables business—have risen from 14 to 15⅝. The lapse of time since the last annual report makes it increasingly difficult to estimate current earnings and break-up values, but I see no reason to alter my previous estimate of Globe Telegraph current earnings at the rate of 6½ per cent. net. The break-up value of Globe must now be in the region of 21. Even if the holding of Cable and Wireless "A" is ignored, the value of Globe ordinary shares is 17½. A purchaser of Globe at the present price of 15⅝ is buying a mixed bag of mainly utility investments, half the equity of Cables Investment Trust and a block of Cable and Wireless preference stock at less than market value, with the holding of Cable and Wireless "A" stock thrown in for nothing. As to Cable and Wireless issues, I still dislike the "A" stock and regard the 5½ per cent. preference stock at 111 as high enough. If prosperity lasts for ever no doubt these stocks will improve, and of course everyone thinks prosperity will last for ever.

Toreador: The tone of your remarks almost calls for a sort of B.B.C. apology, but while I agree with your commendation of Globe Telegraph I think you should make more allowance for the effect of a shipping recovery on Cable and Wireless traffics. My present policy on Cable and Wireless stocks is to wait and see, or, if you will, sit and see.

UNIVERSAL FIXED TRUST CERTIFICATES

enable the investor to spread sums from approximately £20 upwards over 74 first-class securities comprising Government Funds and stocks and shares in commercial undertakings with world-wide activities.

At a price of 23/10½ per sub-unit, and based upon the half-yearly income distributions made to certificate holders on 1st April and 1st October, 1936, the yield for the 12 months was as follows:—

From dividends - - - **£4.4.10%** gross
and
From sales of bonuses and rights - **— 5. 6%** net

Certificates are issued to Investors by the Trustees, NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED who collect all dividends, etc., and distribute the proceeds by warrant without charge to Certificate Holders on 1st April and 1st October in each year.

Full particulars may be obtained from any branch of the National Provincial Bank, Ltd., or from any stockbroker, or by writing for booklet "U. 74," which is the basis of all transactions, to the Managers,

COMMERCIAL FIXED TRUST LTD.

(Member of the Unit Trusts Association)

125, PALL MALL LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: WHITEHALL 4657
Telegrams: COMFIX, PICCY, LONDON

Over £20,000,000 has been invested in the Unit Trusts of Commercial Fixed Trust, Ltd., and its Associated Companies.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

SWISS COTTAGE. Lyndale School. Afternoon activities available for non-pupils: workshop, music, eurythmics, etc. 67, Eton Avenue. PRI. 6466.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Principal Dora Russell, Co-educational from two years. From individual freedom through self-government to social understanding. Address all enquiries to MRS. DORA RUSSELL personally at the Glebe, Northiam, Sussex.

CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVICE given, free of charge, on SCHOOLS: also on trainings for Secretarial, Domestic Science and other professions.

CUDHAM HALL, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Progressive Home School for young children. Delightful country surroundings. Open-air life. Riding School on premises. All-round education at moderate inclusive fees. MISS M. K. WILSON. Tel.: Biggin Hill 203.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4–18). Altitude 4,100 feet.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, Nr. HIGH WYCOMBE. Boarding School for girls aged 4–18. Estate of 61 acres in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 550 feet above sea level. Balanced education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects. Large staff of Graduates. Ordinary curriculum includes elocution, art, crafts, singing, dancing, eurhythmics, games, swimming. Lessons out-of-doors when possible. Open-air swimming pool. Fees £120–£150 per annum, according to age on admission.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields, park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys. Sound education on modern lines. Apply MISS WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

CHALLONER SCHOOL, 71 & 72 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Frobisher 4223.
A Day and Boarding School for Girls where a liberal education achieves a high standard of work. Preparatory Department for boys and girls.

HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS. Preparatory School, Boys and Girls 6–14. Recognised by the Board of Education. Modern outlook.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

DR WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls (Founded 1858).
Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship and service. A wide curriculum, the study of national and international affairs, adequate leisure and self-disciplined freedom give opportunity for the fullest development of personality and individual gifts. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

OAKLEA, BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX (recognised by Board of Education). Girls 8 to 19. P.N.E.U. programmes followed. Individual time-tables for "Citizens" over 12. Handicrafts, eurhythmics, gardening, riding in forest, etc. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. Family life, sanely progressing towards equality of sex and class. Ages 6–19. Fees £82.

LEISURE
is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● **One of to-day's problems** is how to make the best use of leisure. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the resultant material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three exams., Matriculation (or, if you are over 23, the shorter Special Entrance Exam.), Intermediate and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 56 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

● **Write for Free Prospectus** and Guide to Degrees, saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology. Address the Director of Studies, Dept. VH24.

Wolsey Hall, Oxford
PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD.

SCHOOLS—continued

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, South Croydon. Healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of education free development as individuals and as members of general community. Independent study. Special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Well-qualified staff. Principal, BERTA S. HUMPHREY.

SHERWOOD SCHOOL, EPSOM. Well-equipped Junior School for boys and girls from 3 to 10 years. Senior House where older girls can be prepared for usual examinations if desired. Small classes. Individual methods of teaching. A few small boarders enjoy free open-air life.

FOR advice on the choice of suitable
BOARDING SCHOOLS, TUTORS,
or other Educational Establishments
for boys or girls of any age, apply to
J. & J. PATON, Educational Agents,
143 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4,
Tel. Mansion House 5053,
stating full details of requirements; or consult
PATONS LIST OF SCHOOLS AND TUTORS
39th Annual Edition. Post free 5s. 6d.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Nursery class attached. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2–14 years old.

SCHOLARSHIPS

LEAMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, WARWICKSHIRE.
An Examination for the award of Boarders' Entrance Scholarship (value £30 a year) and Bursaries, will be held on March 18th and 19th, 1937, for September entrance. Candidates must be under 14 on June 1st, 1937. For particulars apply to the HEADMISTRESS, The High School, Beauchamp Hall, Leamington.

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield, Hants. (Co-educational.) Scholarship examination, Saturday, 6th March, 1937. For particulars apply to the Headmaster, F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

HEALTH EDUCATION

MEAD'S POSTAL COURSE OF PHYSICAL INSTRUCTION. An Authoritative Guide to Physical Fitness. MEAD'S, 8 Greville Street, E.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING
REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS. PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 6 Conduit Street, W.1. Mayfair 3163-4.

TYPING of every description, business or personal accurately and promptly executed at home. Absolute privacy guaranteed. Write "A. W.," 15 Foster Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

LITERARY Typing—knowledge of French and German. MISS POLLARD, 36 Ampthill Square, N.W.1. Euston 1972.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. A modern, practical training for responsible private and business posts. Own residential clubs. Seven months' course, £55. Prospectus from Department E, 57 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Western 6939.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal, MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

CAMBRIDGE TRAINING COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Post-Graduate).
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Principal: MISS H. DENT, M.A.
A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT
Complete Teacher's Training for Girls
in all Branches of Physical Education:
Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming.
ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.
A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

OZENFANT ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS. Mr. Ozenfant has transferred his Paris School to London. He himself works at the Academy and daily supervises and corrects his students' work. Prospectus from Sec. 170–172 Warwick Road, Kensington, W.14.

F.O., HOME CIVIL, I.C.S., CONSULAR, TAXES. DAVIES'S have increased the PERSONAL TUITION in their courses to enable their candidates to meet the increased competition under the new examination syllabus.
Over 350 successes 1927-1936.
GARDEN, SQUASH COURT, RESTAURANT.
DAVIES'S,
SUSSEX HOUSE, 1 HOLLAND PARK, W.11. Park 4414.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Applications are invited for the double post of Adviser of Women Students and Warden of Masson Hall. The commencing salary will be not less than £400 rising by £10 per annum to £500, with residence in the Hall. The duties will begin on September 1st. Applications together with testimonials and references (ten copies) should be sent on or before February 25th to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.
W. A. FLEMING,
Secretary to the University
of Edinburgh.

FORMER secretary to well-known literary man seeks responsible post. Expert stenographer. Free now. Box 585, N.S.& N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

IS there an interesting, decently paid job for woman graduate, 30's, with outstanding secretarial experience and *really* first-class French and German, gained abroad? Box 590, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807.)

SELL your books in the best market. Highest prices paid for review copies, etc. KIT'S BOOKSHOP, 64, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 'Phone: Temple Bar 6700.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE, 191a Palace Gate, W.8.

AMERICAN PUBLISHER respectfully solicits unusual manuscripts for publication. FORTUNY'S, 45 West 45, New York.

PRIVATE TUITION

DIFFICULT children, 7–11, taken for therapeutic play and work. Hampstead 2523.

RUTH BRIDBURG, pianist, pupil of SOLOMON and highly recommended by him, takes pupils at 150A Alexandra Road, N.W.8. Maida Vale 7224.

FRENCH by licenciée (Paris) private tuition, exams. literature, translations, conversation.—Russell Square. TERminus 4917.

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8, Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. TEL.: REGENT 5983.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Course of four Lectures on "AIR POWER AND ITS EMPLOYMENT" will be given by AIR VICE-MARSHAL E. L. GOSSAGE, D.S.O., M.C. (Royal Air Force), at the NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY (Entrance from Montague Place, W.C.1), on THURSDAYS, FEBRUARY 18th and 25th and MARCH 4th and 11th, 1937, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

A Course of two Lectures on "PUBLIC ASPECTS OF FINANCE" will be given by PROF. D. H. MACGREGOR, M.C., M.A. (Drummond Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on THURSDAYS, FEBRUARY 18th and 25th, 1937, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Sir Josiah Stamp, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D.

A Course of two Lectures on "PROBLEMES DE L'ASSIMILATION ET DE LA DIFFERENCIATION SOCIALES" will be given (in French) by PROFESSOR C. BOUGLÉ (Professor of Sociology in the University of Paris) at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2) on FEBRUARY 19th and 22nd, 1937, at 5 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by His Excellency the French Ambassador (Monsieur Charles Corbin).

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS. Five Public Lectures on "SCIENCE AND SOCIETY," in the Large Chemistry Theatre, University College, W.C.1, at 8 p.m.

(1) Feb. 17th. PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE: "FACTS AND THEORIES CONCERNING HUMAN RACE DIFFERENCES."
(2) Feb. 24th. DR. A. L. BACHARACH: "NUTRITION AND SOCIETY."
(3) Mar. 3rd. PROF. H. LEVY: "THE SOCIALISATION OF MATHEMATICS."
(4) Mar. 10th. PROF. P. M. S. BLACKETT: "PHYSICS."
(5) Mar. 17th. PROF. LANCELOT HOGBEN: "THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE."

Chairman at first meeting: Prof. Sir F. Gowland Hopkins, O.M., F.R.S., President of A.S.W.

Tickets (1s. single, 4s. series) at door, or from ASSISTANT-SEC., A.S.W., Kelvin House, 28 Hogarth Road, S.W.1.

SPAIN AND THE CHURCH

PUBLIC MEETING. FRIENDS HOUSE, Euston Road, N.W. (opposite Euston Station), on FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1937, at 8 p.m. Doors open 7.15 p.m.

SPEAKERS:—ETHEL MANNIN, EMMA GOLDMAN (Accredited representative of the C.N.T. (National Confederation of Labour)-F.A.I. (Iberia Anarchist Federation), recently returned from Spain. J. McGOVERN, M.P., Capt. J. R. WHITE, REG REYNOLDS.

SUBJECT:—THE RELATION OF THE CHURCH IN SPAIN WITH FASCISM. In the Chair: FENNER BROCKWAY. Admission free. Seats reserved and numbered, 2s. 6d. Reserved only, 1s., 6d. Tickets can be obtained from Emma Goldman, 18 Castletown Road, West Kensington, W.14, Tel. 6829. R. BARR, Secretary C.N.T.-F.A.I. London Committee, 106 Coningham Road, W.12, Tel. Shep. Bush 4749. I.L.P. Bookshop, 34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. Collets, 66 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

(Meeting held under the joint auspices of the C.N.T.-F.A.I. London Committee and the Independent Labour Party).

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture. W. ARNOLD FORSTER on "WHAT ARE THESE ARMAMENTS FOR?" Chairman: G. J. Joyce, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, February 17th, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members, 6d.; Non-members, 1s., from FEDERATION OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES, 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1 (MUS 6975) or at door.

ANNIVERSARY of Spanish elections. Meeting in Defence of Democracy at Friends' Meeting House, Euston Road, on Tuesday, February 16th, at 7.30. Speakers: Alfred M. Wall, Olive Beamish, Lord Marley, Isabel Brown, Ben Tillett, Stephen Spender, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. In the Chair: Dr. Christopher Addison. Organised by Spanish Medical Aid Committee, 24 New Oxford Street, W.C.1. Admission free.

"IS ANOTHER SLUMP COMING?" Lecture: E. HARDY (S.P.G.B.), Sun., Feb. 14, 7.30. A.E.U., 39 Doughty St., W.C.

"WORLD LABOUR IN GREAT WAR." Lecture: A. KOHN (S.P.G.B.), Mon., Feb. 15, 8.30. A.E.U., 39 Doughty Street, W.C.

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH U.S.S.R. Lecture on "PUSHKIN" by DR. ELIZABETH HILL, at Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, on Friday, February 19th, at 8 p.m. Also Exhibition of Pushkin's Works at Royal Society of Arts, daily, February 19th–26th, 10 a.m.–6 p.m.

MODERN CULTURE INSTITUTE. DR. HAR DAYAL, M.A., Ph.D., will speak on Friday, Feb. 19, at 8 p.m., at the Caxton Hall on "PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HEALTH." Free.

A CHALLENGE and Reply to the Anti-Soviet Press! Public Meeting, Wednesday, Feb. 17th, 8 p.m., Friends' House. Speakers include: D. N. PRITT, K.C., M.P., P. A. SLOAN and R. BISHOP. Chair: V. Gollancz. Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere or representatives have been invited. Critics of Moscow Trial asked to speak. Platform reserved. Reserved seats, 2s., 1s. and 6d. Gallery free. For further details, F.S.U., Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

EGYPT : SUDAN
INDIA : CEYLON

Write for particulars of special off-season facilities.

MINIMUM PASSAGE RATES.

PORT SAID	£24
BOMBAY / KARACHI	£40
COLOMBO	£41
CALCUTTA	£45

TRAVEL in comfort on Steamers specially designed and equipped to meet Eastern conditions. You can have all the amenities of luxurious travel with extremely moderate rates by booking your passage by

ELLERMAN'S
CITY & HALL LINES

104-6 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3
Tel.: AVE. 9340.
Tower Building, Liverpool. *Tel.: Cent. 3840*
75 Bothwell Street, Glasgow. *Tel.: Cent. 9222*

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PACIFISM

It is not enough to ask for peace: not even to work for it: we have to learn a new language, or, simpler still, a new alphabet.

Come and hear DR. GRAHAM HOWE at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Mondays, February 15th and 22nd, March 1st and 8th, at 8 p.m. The subject: (1) ANXIETY. Chairman, Lord Allan of Hurtwood. (2) AGGRESSIVENESS. (3) GUILT. (4) WISDOM.

Tickets, to be obtained from Miss Rayne, by post from 99 Clare Court, Judd Street, W.C.1, or from Regent 2843, or at the door:

2s. 6d. each, or 9s. for the course.
1s. 6d. each, or 5s. for the course.
1s. each, or 3s. for the course.
Some free.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, February 14th, at 11, VIRGINIA FLEMMING: "MORAL FAITH." At 6.30, MRS. SEATON TIEDEMAN: "THE MARRIAGE BILL: RATIONAL DIVORCE REFORM."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, February 14th, at 11 a.m.: JOSEPH MCCABE: "THE RED POPE, PIUS XI." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

AEOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, Theistic Church Service. Sunday, 11: REV. R. H. U. BLOOR, B.A. Subject: "REACHING OUT TO THE THINGS BEFORE."

THE ECONOMIC PROBLEM AND WORLD PEACE—II. "THE SMALLER COUNTRIES OF CENTRAL AND SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE." Lecture by DR. THOMAS BALOGH, in Essex Hall, Strand, Monday, February 15th, at 6.15 p.m. Tickets 1s. Write for particulars of eight lectures (4s.). NATIONAL PEACE COUNCIL, 39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

LECTURE and Social every Mon., 8 p.m. Feb. 15th, "A FOREIGN POLICY FOR THE LEFT." Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1 (Gul. 5189).

EDUCATION. Survey of individual methods with latest apparatus for children, 3–14 yrs. Evening classes start Feb. 25th, 8 p.m. Certificate obtainable. Fees, including practical work and class observation: 1 lecture, 5s. Course of 36, 7 *gns.* Apply: LYNDALE SCHOOL (Co-educational), 67 Eton Avenue, N.W. 3 (PRI 6466).

LUBIENSKY on Activist Education, Lyndale School, 67 Eton Av., N.W.3. Feb. 19th, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

"RELIGION IN RUSSIA." Lecture by the Rev VICTOR MOODY, at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., on Friday, Feb. 19th, at 8.0 p.m. Tickets, 2s. 6d. or 1s., from West Central F.S.U., 12 Torrington Sq., W.C.1

G. P. GOOCH, D.Litt., on "THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE," at Kensington Town Hall, Tuesdays, Feb. 16th and 23rd, at 5.30 p.m. Tickets, 1s. each, from Miss CHARLESWORTH, Kensington High School, W.8, or at door

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES will speak on "IN SPAIN TO-DAY" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, February 16, at 7 p.m. Admission Free.

ARCHITECTS' AND TECHNICIANS' ORGANISATION.

Open Discussion Meeting at Friends' House, Euston Road, on Wednesday, Feb. 17th, at 6.30. Subjects: BUILDING STANDARDS—ACTUAL AND POSSIBLE; HOUSING IN LONDON.

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY LEAGUE. Lecture and discussion. Lower Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand. Tuesday February 16th, 8.15 p.m. BLACKCOATS IN COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY. Speaker, STEPHEN SMITH, Federation of Professional Workers. Chairman: C. B. Purdom.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

WORCS. Best part country Vicarage to let unfurnished, £44. Four bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, large reception; two reception £48, three £52. Electric light, power. Free rates, repairs, central heating, lawn, garden. Garage available. VICAR, Defford, Worcester.

LARGE one-roomed flat to let unfurnished. Own kitchen and bathroom. Near Sloane Square. Perfect condition. Would consider letting furnished. Tel.: HOL 4232.

PALMERS GREEN. Comfortably furn. Sitting-rm. and Bed-rm., use kit. Phone, Geyser Bath. Conv. trams, buses. 25s. wkly, incl. electric light, gas for cooking. Box 587, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HAMPSTEAD. Unfurnished, sunny rooms and north studios in attractive house. Quiet, comfortable, high situation, beautiful view. Close Belsize Park Underground, buses. Service available housekeeper. Ideal artists, business people, etc. 12s. 6d.–25s. HAM. 0430. 17 Lyndhurst Road, N.W.3.

TO LET. Unfurnished. Large, bright room, first floor. Delightful as studio. Constant h. water. Telephone, h. & c. basin. Small gas cooker. Light free. 25s. p. w. "L.," 17 Oakley Street, S.W.3.

WESTMINSTER. Studio or bed-sitting room, fourth floor, to let. Near Thames House, facing river. Box 589, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Ready Feb. 20th; newly furnished rooms from 16s. 6d. weekly. Comfort, freshness, simplicity. 15 Abercorn Place. Ring MAI 5052 or 2327.

MISCELLANEOUS

NERVES. Suitable cases admitted free. LADY MARGARET DIETARY HOSPITAL, Doddington, Kent.

WILL anyone able to afford 35s. a week for living expenses and ready to give their time to the furtherance of a constructive social experiment leading to remunerative employment apply for particulars to Hon. Sec., Hugh's Settlement, Quarley, Andover.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

DRUNKARDS cured, quick, cheap, lasting, as grateful 1,000's testify; medically prescribed. CARLTON CHEMICALS, 803, Birmingham.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS
SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, Unity Theatre Club, Britannia Street. King's Cross, W.C.1. Open Mondays 7–9 during February and March. Programme sent on request.

POSTAL TUITION

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 776 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

PRINTERS

FAVIL PRESS Printing—planned to attract maximum publicity—is at your service.
Estimates willingly.
152 Church St., W.8 (Notting Hill Gate). BAY 2990.